Where There Can Be No Truce—An Editorial

The Reporter

July 24, 1951 25c

The MacArthur Affair: Bomb or Boomerang?

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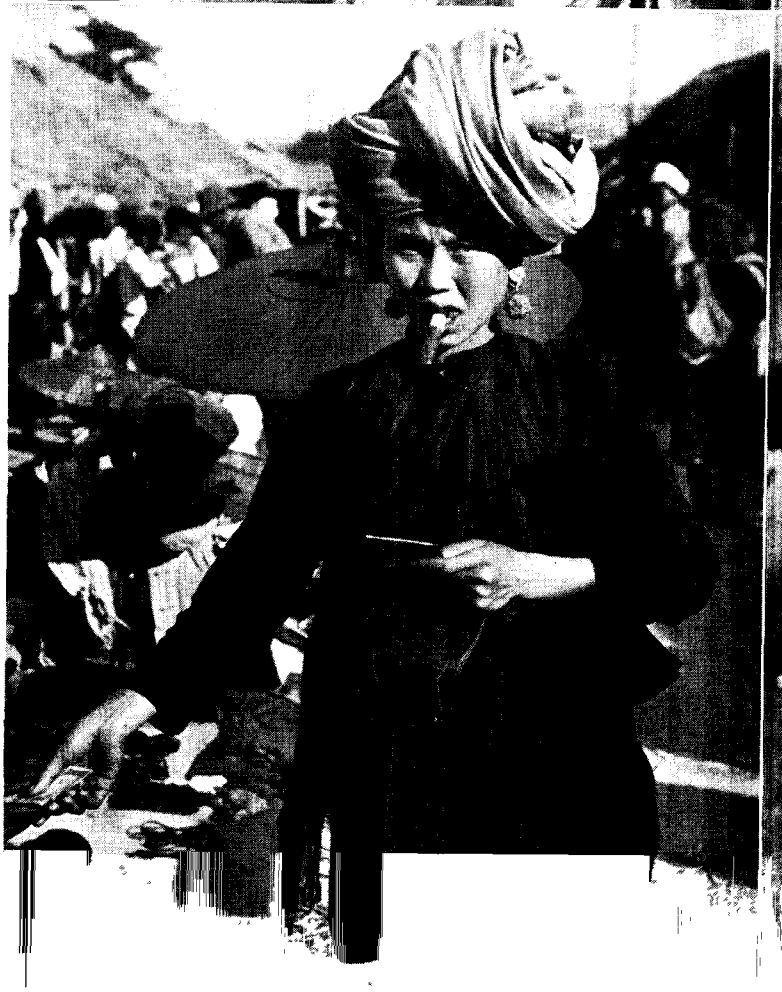
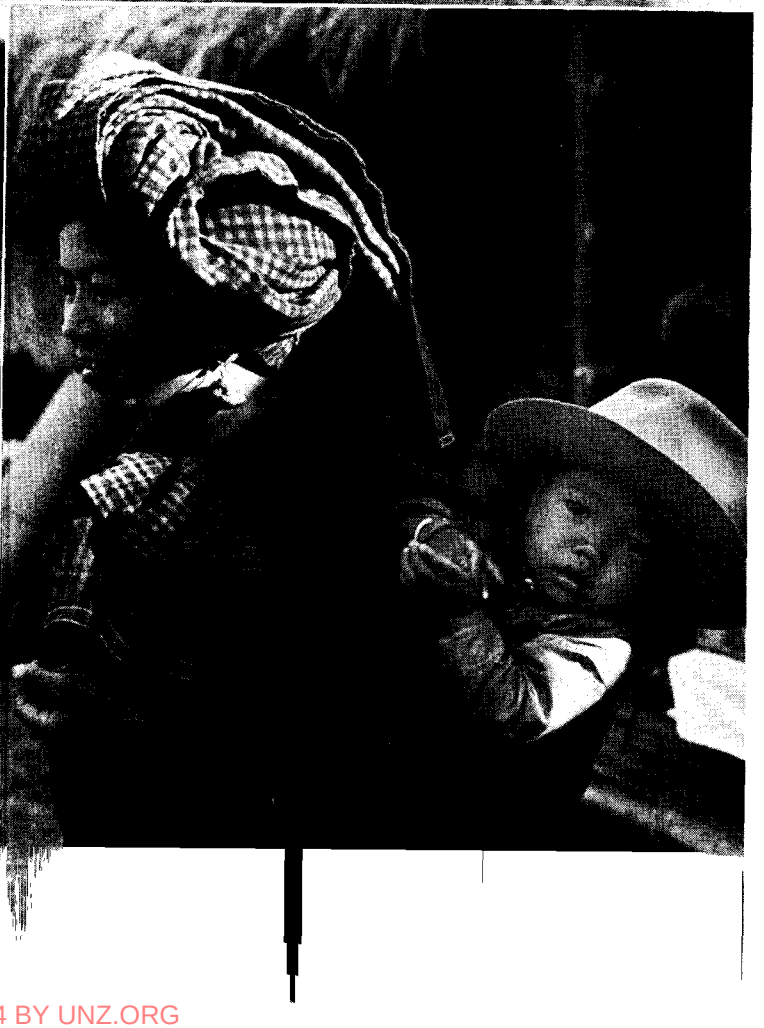
In Burma





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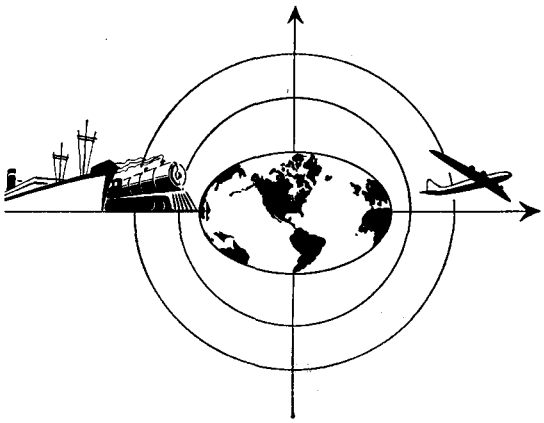

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

COINCIDENCE

It was not surprising that when the Communists proposed an armistice in Korea they would try to disguise the fact that they had had enough by claiming a major victory. Radio Peking's announcement that the "American aggressors . . . fell into a drawn-out war of attrition" was a feeble attempt to snatch psychological victory from the jaws of military defeat.

It must, however, be somewhat surprising—at least to those who do not know the extremes of American politics—that a number of our Senators, Congressmen, and publishers have been doing their best to snatch total defeat from the jaws of undeniable, if limited, victory.

TACTICS FOR MR. GRAY

We welcome the creation of the new Psychological Strategy Board, and we can't imagine a better chief for it than Gordon Gray. His practical experience and common sense should help invigorate an activity that is threatened by the cut-and-dried approach of technicians and the cloak-and-dagger fantasies of romanticists.

Of course, the whole point of our psychological warfare is to make other nations like and trust us and our institutions.

By and large, the nations of the world are divided into two categories: those where our representatives can work, travel, and talk, and those where they can't. As far as the former are concerned, our most compelling form of psychological warfare is technical, economic, and military assistance—action rather than rhetoric. The work of the ECA hasn't always been perfect, but it has certainly done more than any number of words to win foreign people to our side in the world civil war.

As for the rest of the world, where we can reach only a limited audience, the idea we have to hammer away at till, if possible, it seeps down through the whole population, is that we don't want war. We do intend to win the political conflict with Communism, and we will do all we can to repel the Kremlin whenever it undertakes armed aggression. But if we have to fight, we are not seeking a victory like that we won in the Second World War—unconditional surrender enforced by the physical destruction of the enemy. We have selfish as well as moral reasons for this. The burden of the European Recovery Program on our taxpayers has been heavy enough; we shudder at the thought of the United States being saddled with an RRP for Russia or a CRP for China.

If we can convince the people on the other side that we do not want to destroy their countries and then rehabilitate them, that we are not the aggressors, it is then possible that they will ask themselves:

"Who *are* the aggressors?"

AWKWARD POSITION

A bill "Reaffirming Friendship of the American People for All Other Peoples" and challenging the Soviet Union to lift the Iron Curtain so that its people can be informed of our peaceful purposes was recently passed in the House of Representatives by a roll-call vote of 349 to 6, with eight members voting "present," which means neither Yea nor Nay.

Wondering what might be in the minds of the six opposed and the eight not in favor, we looked up the minutes of the debate in the *Congressional Record* and found about what we'd expected to find.

H. R. Gross (R., Iowa), who voted "present," wanted to know "What other parliament, or what other legislative body in the world is adopting a resolution expressing its friendship for the United States?"

John T. Wood (R., Idaho), who voted against the measure, seized the opportunity to make reference to "the present State Department, which has been taken over from the American people and the American Congress."

John Rankin (D., Mississippi) was afraid the resolution committed the United States to the United Nations, which, he said, "Everyone knows is teeming with Communists who are bent on the destruction of this Government, the wiping out of Christianity, and destroying the American way of life."

Rankin did "not want to be put into the awkward position of voting against 'peaceful relations' with the peoples of other countries throughout the world." Congressman Rankin voted "present."

IRANIAN IRONY

In their eagerness to get rid of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, the Iranian authorities have rushed into irresponsible and reckless action. Where, one asks, are the quiet, serious men, the statesmen, who might save Iran in this time of crisis?

One of them is in New York. Nasrollah Entezam is President of the U.N. General Assembly; he enjoys the confidence and respect of all his colleagues; he is an Iranian. When Malik made his Korean "cease-fire" speech, Entezam had at once to be tactful, wise, and energetic in his follow-up of the Russian statement.

The irony is that Entezam shows abroad the tact and statesmanship that fanatics would never give him an opportunity to use if he stayed at home.

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CORRESPONDENCE

WEDEMEYER QUOTE

To the Editor: It would be interesting to know the real name of the James Colwell who wrote the article, "What Wedemeyer Really Said," in your issue of June 12.

This article is typical of writers who quote phrases to make the conclusion seem painstakingly accurate, but who dishonestly leave out all qualifying content. This one, however, is the crudest example I have seen in some time.

To cite one example, Colwell quotes Wedemeyer: "Nothwithstanding all the corruption and incompetence that one notes in China . . ."

In the copy of General Wedemeyer's report that I have seen, what General Wedemeyer really said was:

"Notwithstanding, the economic deterioration and incompetence and corruption in the political and military organization in China should be considered against an all inclusive background lest there be disproportionate emphasis upon defeats. Comity requires that cognizance be taken of the following: Unlike other Powers since V-J Day, China has never been free to devote full attention to internal problems that were greatly confounded by eight years of war. The current civil war has imposed an overwhelming financial burden at a time when resources and energies have been dissipated and when, in any event, they would have been strained to the utmost to meet the problems of recovery."

It happens that I liked the articles on General MacArthur in the previous issue, but this one of Colwell's makes me wonder whether your magazine is one of the many instruments of the Acheson-Jessup-Carter Vincent, etc., group, and therefore deliberately dishonest in order to put over a trend of thought.

MRS. EVANS SWANN
Austin, Texas

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Swann is looking in the wrong place. The Wedemeyer quotation in Colwell's article appears—as was mentioned in the article—on page 766 of* U.S. Relations With China, *a government publication. The page is headed: "Report to the President, China, Part I—General Statement." It will be found in the first sentence of the fourth paragraph. In any case, garbled quotes are even more repugnant to* The Reporter's *research staff than they are to Mrs. Swann.*]

CITES ANTHRACITE

To the Editor: I read your article, "Coal Fights Back," in your June 24 issue and found it interesting. Unfortunately, several of its statements are misleading, simply because the article did not point out that hard coal and soft coal are two different fuels and industries. Your article on several matters leaves an inaccurate impression about hard (anthracite) coal.

Hard coal is a separate and distinct fuel with respect to composition, utilization, markets, heating performance, labor record, and other things. It is an industry in the three-quarter-billion-dollar retail class with over five million consumers, so it deserves to be differentiated from the mining and consumption of bituminous coal.

For example, you state, "Offering power and heat that are cleaner, more easily controlled and in some applications cheaper, oil and natural gas have been taking an ever larger share of the market." Anthracite is clean. It cannot smoke under any condition of use. It is the only fuel, other than coke, in this category. Actually, according to the New York City Bureau of Smoke Control figures, oil contributes sixty per cent of the smoke nuisance in this area.

As far as economy is concerned, automatic anthracite is much cheaper than other fuels in practically every instance. Strides in the past five or six years in the development of automatic anthracite-burning equipment have produced much equipment that is comparable with and in many ways more highly efficient than competitive fuel.

Also, the Guffey Act applied to the bituminous industry—the anthracite industry has never sought or accepted government aid of this sort.

The statement that labor troubles "have repeatedly left consumers wtih empty bunkers" is not true for anthracite. In the twenty years that I have been in the industry, I have known of no anthracite user going cold because of lack of anthracite caused by a work stoppage. Actually, the industry's record shows that in over twenty-four years there have been less than eighty days of general work stoppage. This is an average of approximately three days a year, I think if you will compare this with any other industry you will find it compares more than favorably.

EDWARD H. WALKER
New York City

NO EMPIRE

To the Editor: I have only recently obtained a copy of your otherwise excellent magazine which contains Ernest H. Leiser's article on "Our German Garrison." This was your May 15 edition.

I am neither competent nor qualified to make any remarks about the bulk of the article but I take violent exception to Leiser's comment on page 27 that "no fewer than 127 officers and enlisted men are assigned to the Armed Forces Radio Network [sic] in Germany."

In the interest of reportorial accuracy, let me first state that the correct name of the organization is the American Forces Network. I should also like to point out that this organization has never had 127 officers and enlisted men. The authorized strength is 90 enlisted men and 6 officers. Our actual strength is 87 enlisted men and 4 officers. We also feel that our organization is hardly an "empire," as Leiser terms it, for several very good reasons: In the first place we operate six studio stations, three FM transmitters, and thirty-one repeater stations with the above strength of officers and enlisted men, plus approximately thirty-five civilian technicians. With this extremely limited staff the American Forces Network covers the entire occupation area of Germany, the Bremen Enclave, and Berlin, plus a tremendous coverage in foreign countries surrounding this area. Radio Frankfurt, which services Frankfurt only for the German listeners, requires over seven hundred employees for that limited area.

We here at AFN firmly believe that we accomplish our mission of helping keep American servicemen the best informed, the best educated, and best entertained in the world. We are constantly endeavoring to improve the service we are giving our listeners in Europe. We have also been cited by reputable and responsible agencies as doing a superior job of acquainting Europeans with America and American ideals, and we will continue to do so.

EMIL L. SHWETZER
Frankfurt, Germany

MORE ON MacARTHUR

To the Editor: In answer to the published letter of Mrs. Rudd, your June 26 issue, allow me to observe that it seems a horrifying habit of some Americans to refer to the holders of any views contrary to their own as "Reds" or "Red sympathizers." There is nothing, in my mind, so detrimental to democracy as these and similar terms, the waves of emotion they arouse, and those that they are aroused by.

Name calling ("chumps . . . small group of men . . . 'Red Chinese' faction in Washington . . . 'Red' sounding . . . your smear campaign . . . low means . . . gutter," etc.) is unfortunate. It has always seemed to me that opinion groups revert to name calling, card-stacking, glittering generalities, twisting of meanings, and other similar devices only when they cannot gather sufficient supporting evidence or when there is no evidence whatsoever.

MICHAEL GALATI
DeKalb, Illinois

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

As this issue of *The Reporter* went to press, there was every indication that the military commanders in Korea would soon meet to negotiate a cease fire. But there was warfare on political fronts—domestic and foreign—which no settlement at Kaesong could possibly affect. The editorial and the first few articles deal with the continuing areas of conflict. . . . **John E. Sawyer** has written extensively on international politics, particularly on France. . . . **Lindsay Rogers** is a member of the Department of Public Law and Economics at Columbia University. . . . **Alan Barth,** an editorial writer for the Washington *Post,* wrote *The Loyalty of Free Men.* . . . **William S. Fairfield** has frequently written for this magazine from Washington. . . . **Arthur Goodfriend,** who has recently returned from Southeast Asia, wrote *If You Were Born in Russia* and *Democracy Can Win.* . . . **Allan C. Butler,** former State Editor of the Claremont, New Hampshire, *Daily Eagle,* is now traveling in Europe. . . . **Isaac Deutscher** wrote *Stalin: A Political Biography.* . . . **James Colwell** is the pseudonym of a former U. S. Army officer who served in China during the Second World War and also during the subsequent hostilities between the Nationalists and the Communists. . . . **Peter Viereck,** who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1949 for his volume of poems, *Terror and Decorum,* is also the author of *Conservatism Revisited.* . . . Cover by **C. Ishii;** inside cover photographs from **Magnum** and **Johnson.**

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MAX ASCOLI

Where There Can Be No Truce

IN THE LAST few weeks we have fared rather badly on the political front in Europe and remarkably well on the military front in Korea. We had been under the shadow of defeat there, and the enemy, ever since he started the war, had kept saying that his aim was to throw our soldiers into the sea. Once our soldiers had repelled three major Chinese offensives and were entrenched above the 38th parallel, Gromyko and Malik discovered that it was time to end the fighting. But there was little rejoicing in our country when the enemy announced the failure of his military adventure. The conflict we are in appears so endless and follows patterns that are so thoroughly unfamiliar that our elation for whatever success we achieve is bound to be subdued and qualified. Sometimes we misread the meaning of our setbacks as well as of our gains.

Thus it happened that among the best-informed Americans there was no marked show of gloom or even concern when it became known that in free and fair elections one Frenchman in four and one Italian in three had aligned himself on the Communist side. Our press has put great emphasis on the fact that the Communists lost parliamentary seats in France and municipal offices in Italy; but those were rather hollow victories, made resounding by the peculiar workings of the new electoral laws —a sort of fourth-dimensional gerrymandering.

Nuclei of Sedition

True enough, we can say that in each country the government in power is still friendly to us and determined to keep its people on the side of the Atlantic alliance. But an uncomfortably large proportion of French and Italian citizens, one by one in secret ballot, have declared themselves against the Atlantic alliance. Such strong Communist minorities make life rugged for democratic rulers in time of peace, and provide nuclei of sedition that could pave the ground for the enemy in time of war.

Of course, no person in his right mind would maintain that every man or woman who votes the Communist or fellow-traveler ticket in a European country is a fiery zealot of the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist creed. By their votes most of them registered their dissatisfaction with the government in power and at the same time their guess as to which side would stand the better chance of immediate victory should war come. The guess may reflect a wish, but in most cases it is a timid, tentative wish; many veterans of internal dictatorship and foreign occupation above all dread being caught on the losing side.

There are far too many people in Europe, these elections show, who have no confidence in us and no faith in our determination or our power to defend them. Somehow, the voices of our extremists, our all-out preventive warriors and Asia Firsters, carry farther than those of our responsible leaders. The idea of limited war as a substitute for total war—difficult as it is to explain, vulnerable as it is to the demagogic rhetoric of the fanatics of either/or, either total war or total isolation—is now being grasped by an increasingly large number of our own citizens. Yet it is a fact that a nation can more easily accept the idea of limited war, even if its soldiers do most of the fighting, when it is a distant war.

To Europeans, no war is distant, regardless of how many thousand miles away it may be. For them war anywhere foreshadows the return of a horror that memory alone, without the help of imagination, conjures up in all its unbearable detail. A large number of Europeans have all along found it difficult to understand what our limited war meant —just as many Koreans have undoubtedly found it altogether impossible.

The Word for Limited Peace

Following our particular kind of goldfish-bowl Machiavellianism, we had let it be known to friends and foes alike that the three western Deputies would manage to keep the Paris meetings drag-

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ging on till the French election was over. Then the abrupt end of the preparatory conference convinced the Kremlin that the time had come for a more drastic move. With the cease-fire offer the Communist leaders are trying to liquidate the failures of their Korean adventure. Yet it is so calculated that, even if we agree to it, they count on making us appear an obstacle to peace in the eyes of those large masses of men, particularly in Europe, who have no confidence in us and are afraid of war.

As always, the Communists are playing fast and loose with peace. They want only to exploit the craving in the hearts of men for total and final peace. But we who have borne the brunt of the fighting in Korea can only conclude that limited war with a limited peace. There is a word for limited peace: armistice. Our generals in the field can arrange a cease-fire with the enemy, and our diplomats, acting mostly through the U.N., can help set up machinery that will unquestionably guarantee a gradual paring down of forces on both sides so that the enemy "volunteers" will not attack again. Further we cannot go.

We can proudly close the Korean episode, but we cannot let the enemy use the bait of truce to lull us and our allies into a phony sense of peace that will restore his unbounded freedom to stir up trouble wherever he pleases. Perhaps even without being overshrewd, Malik must have been watching our debate in Congress over foreign aid and domestic controls. There is nothing the Kremlin could not do, if we only went back to pre-Korean inertia.

The enemy's first attempt at expansion through open aggression has ended in failure; but the much cheaper method of subversion is still paying him large dividends, as the elections in Italy and France show. It will be very hard for all those people abroad who could never quite make out the point of our limited war to understand why we now want to stick to that limited peace: a Korean armistice, and not one step beyond. At least not now—unless the enemy is willing to put his main weapons of military and political aggression under strict international control. We can trust him to do nothing of the kind.

The men in the Kremlin seem eager to conclude their Korean episode, just as they concluded those of Greece and Berlin. We cannot, just because they desist from their latest crime, greet them as brotherly partners in the making of peace; but they will say that our unwillingness to go beyond the conditional armistice is one more evidence of the "warmongering" schemes harbored by our "ruling circles."

Running for Office

Strangely enough, for a people as ruggedly pacifistic as we are, we seem to do much better at resisting Communism on foreign battlefields than in the political arena of the allied nations. Our soldiers have intervened in Korea and driven the aggressors, through the flux of victories and defeats, right to the point where they started. But we have not quite developed the techniques of strengthening the economic and political sinews of the nations on our side. We recognize the enemy when he shows himself on the battlefield and treat him properly. But we don't yet know how to distinguish friends from parasites when we deal with political and business leaders of the ECA nations, or to see to it that our aid seeps down to the people whose confidence—and votes—we need. It can never be emphasized enough that because we want to maintain political freedom in Europe, it is as if we were running for office there.

Setbacks like those we have suffered in France and in Italy show that something must be quite wrong with the way we dispense our dollars, and with the local politicians we sustain, if such large masses of Frenchmen and Italians prefer to have us as enemies rather than as friends. It is imperative that we re-examine thoroughly the record and the method of our intervention into the political and economic affairs of the countries that depend on us for assistance, just as it is imperative that we establish criteria of performance as counterparts for the help we give. We have to re-examine how our money abroad is being spent, and how it happened that in spite of all proclamations to the contrary the billions we have spent against Communism have not decreased Communist popular strength.

The Fight That Isn't Over

Ridgway's Operation Killer has made a dent in the enemy's will to resist. But in spite of the Marshall Plan and of all the claims that are still being made, Communism has declined little, if at all, in France and gained ground in Italy. Everything is interrelated in this extraordinary conflict we are in, and no cease-fire ending a Moscow-made war is going to pave the way to peace until we start winning away from Communism the misguided millions of western Europeans on whom Moscow still has a grip. It is here that we are not as powerful as we should be and it is here too that we must start building strength. If we want the expression "free world" to be something more than a shibboleth, we must make sure that the people who have political freedom do not use it to vote themselves into tyranny.

During the summer months *The Reporter's* editorial will not appear regularly, because the editor is making an extended visit to France and Italy. His reports on the political situation in those countries will be published from time to time on these pages.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

JULY 24, 1951

The MacArthur Affair: Bomb or Boomerang?

JOHN E. SAWYER

FOR THREE MONTHS now the main cry of the neo-isolationists and bigger-war groups in the Republican Party has been that the Truman-Marshall-Acheson policy could only mean an endless and indecisive war in Korea. Today the limited-war policy seems about to produce a cease-fire under conditions offering reasonable hope that the United States has led the United Nations in a collective military action that has halted and reversed Communist aggression. As this same wing of the party now rushes in with a new line—denouncing as a defeat the very termination of hostilities that they earlier had either demanded or proclaimed impossible except on MacArthur's terms—they might well pause to assess the wisdom of their behavior during the phase just passed.

For even before the prospective termination of hostilities the conclusion of the hearings before Senator Richard Russell's joint committee posed the question: How did the political "pros" of right-wing Republicanism who seized upon a MacArthur affair with shrieks of impeachment and roars of victory make out? Did they in fact launch a bomb or a boomerang?

The fact that the main tent was set up in the Senate gave Senatorial Republicans the ringside seats and the chance to play most of the leading roles. But it's now time to throw the spotlight back onto the Minority Leader of the House, the chunky little man from North Attleboro, Massachusetts, Joseph W. Martin, Jr.

Joe Martin deserves this belated attention twice over. He was, after all, the first to get into the act in a big-time way—a fact that the subsequent crowding upstage should not be allowed to obscure. Whatever the role that his now-celebrated letters actually played in precipitating the affair, it will be a long time before he'll have to abandon all claim to having been the man who actually got the show on the road with his maneuverings-by-mail.

More important, Joe Martin is a symbol of a group within his party that has repeatedly thrown over the traditions of responsible Republicanism reaching from Alexander Hamilton to Henry L. Stimson and Arthur H. Vandenberg, and has determinedly sought to make partisan capital out of our foreign problems. While many men in many parts of the world contributed to the build-up of this crisis, there is considerable evidence that General MacArthur quite consciously forced a showdown, and that behind his increasingly provocative actions and communications lay more contact with extremist Republicans than has yet been disclosed. Of this wing of the party Martin is a far more powerful representative than many men who took the stage as the show went on.

General MacArthur clearly has meant many different things to many people. The man and the symbol have either attracted citizens or repelled them for reasons ranging from the great issues of American foreign policy down to the basic emotions aroused by any such display of masculine power,

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decision, drama, action, and arrogance.

On the Congressional stage, motives have been equally mixed. Many political leaders in both parties have been trying to establish policies that can best serve the national interest. Even those who disagree most with the Formosa-First Republicans should recognize that some among them act on sincere conviction about the national interest rather than simply on calculations of partisan advantage.

There is little in Joe Martin's record, however, to suggest that such concerns have weighed heavily upon him. Few figures in public life have burned with a more purely political flame throughout a long career. Few have so rarely allowed considerations of national welfare to interfere with party politics, so resolutely resisted the temptation to think in terms other than those of the grab for power.

Whatever the MacArthur affair may have meant to others, it seems safe to assume that to Martin and his crowd it meant one thing above all else: a political weapon that at worst would enable the neo-isolationists to regain control of the Republican Party, and perhaps of U.S. foreign policy as well, and that at best might hit the Administration where, supposedly, it was weakest, and blow it out of office in 1952.

Gain or Loss?

Viewed in these terms, how did the affair come out? Final results, of course, will not be in until a year from November, but there is quite a lot of evidence that must already be worrying the political "pros" who started it. The problem can perhaps best be sharpened by setting up some of the results that seem to be emerging against the goals and expectations of the first roaring days. Ten points, while by no means covering the whole impact of the case, should give Martin and his friends something to think about.

1. The attempt to raise a colorful military hero into the role of policy-maker over the heads of the properly constituted authorities has been repudiated by military and civilian opinion alike. The constitutional limits of the field commander's function have been clarified. At no time since the Second World War has the subordination of military to civilian authority been so clearly understood all around.

2. The attempt to set up the Joint Chiefs of Staff—the men, their office, and their judgments—in opposition to President Truman and Secretary Acheson, has produced instead an extraordinary show of unity. While voicing individual differences of opinion, the military and political advisers have shown broad agreement, not only about relieving MacArthur, but about the basic foreign policies of the Republic as well.

3. The subsequent attempt to discredit the Joint Chiefs as stooges of the President or as distant desk officers has instead led to renewed support of these officers and their function. Even critics of their policies, such as General Wedemeyer, and, on occasion, General MacArthur himself, have stated that U.S. global military policy must rest in their hands and have urged the Congress to follow their counsel. In exchanges that pitted a General Bradley against Senators like Wiley, Cain, and Knowland, it was not Bradley who came off second best in the eyes of the public.

Further, the military competence of the Joint Chiefs and their chosen field commanders has done much to undo the "authority" of MacArthur's criticisms. Somewhat reluctantly, the military witnesses revealed that the Joint Chiefs had warned MacArthur of the perilous gap on the left flank of X Corps through which the Chinese later poured; the quiet effectiveness of the Ridgway campaign has told the world its own impressive story.

4. The attempt to brand the Korean intervention—our first action to halt overt aggression—a monstrous folly was first spiked by the hero himself. General MacArthur, though "not consulted," upheld the President's decision, declaring that this action not only "[restored] at one stroke the enormous prestige of the United States. It confirmed the people of the Far East that we were not going to let them slide into slavery." He further agreed that the "psychological effect of withdrawing from Korea [now] would collapse the confidence, not only of the Far East, in our strength to carry out an obligation which we have announced, but throughout the world." These statements and policies, repeated by the various Presidential advisers as well, cannot have been without effect on millions of Americans who had been in honest doubt about the need and purpose of this action.

5. The alternative attempt to plunge America into an ever-increasing commitment of resources to the Asian theater forced General Marshall and those who followed to present to the American people the most explicit and comprehensive brief for our present policy to date. To some extent the Senators from Formosa themselves have made the Asia-first policy ridiculous. (People began asking themselves whether Formosa was *really* a fourteenth state that the Founding Fathers had in mind.) To a still greater extent their policy went under before the massive evidence about "the wrong war at the wrong place, at the wrong time and with the wrong enemy"; and before the massive arguments for recognizing the priority of industrial Europe, and for using time to build up our strength here and abroad.

6. The attempt to make Truman (and the internationalists of both parties) bear the political costs of the hateful waste and casualties of war

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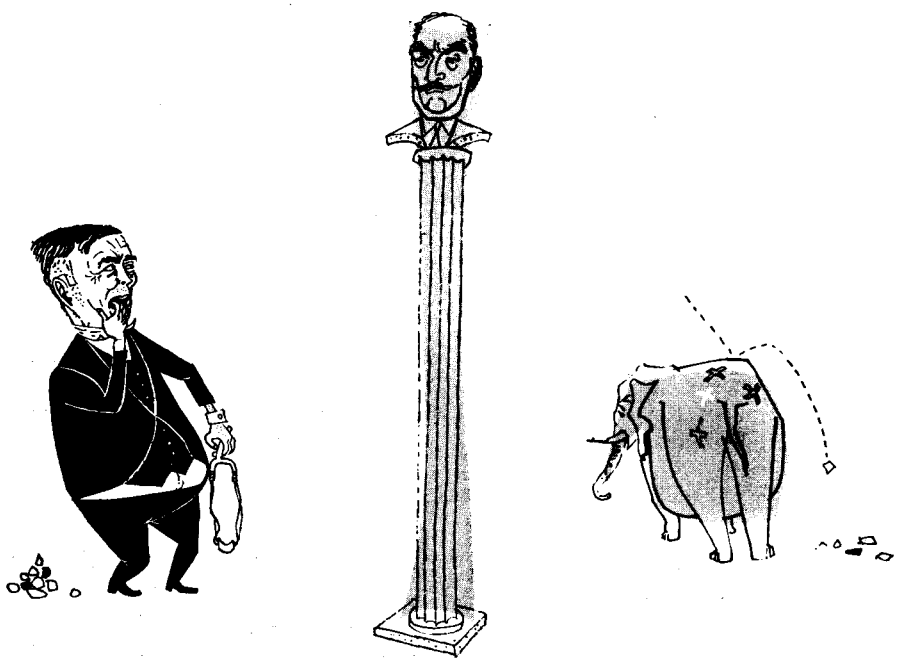
seems to have failed. The war-with-China and the war-with-Russia-now Republicans let Mr. Truman off this hook. By a prodigious effort they jockeyed themselves and their party into the position of wearing the war-party label for the next election, while Mr. Truman will be widely identified with a policy of resisting aggression with the least possible losses. The termination of hostilities might really make the new label stick.

7. The attempt by the neo-isolationist wing of the party to take control of Republican foreign policy, to defeat Vandenberg bipartisanship, seems to have backfired. Its irresponsible tactics, its talk of impeachments and contempt, as well as the contradiction of wanting a bigger war with a smaller defense budget, have served to discredit it. Taft's inconsistencies got far less attention than usual, and on the critical vote half of Wiley's fellow Republicans opposed him.

MacArthur himself significantly struck out at the isolationist position, protesting against "straitjacket formulas" on the disposition of troops and specifically stating that "we should make every possible effort to assist western Europe in her defense," with ground forces as well as air and naval forces. The discomfiture of the fumbling Formosa Firsters as compared with Morse's effective showing may aid the re-emergence of Republican voices that, without a courageous leader, had lately retired into the background.

8. The attempt to disrupt the United Nations front and to separate America from its allies has led to repeated assertions from many sides of the value and importance of preserving that front. Even General Wedemeyer's testimony reiterated this theme. The demonstration that we are willing to try to operate within commonly agreed-on policies and that U.S. arms are subject to responsible civilian control has reassured European allies fearful of headlong generalship. It has helped deprive our critics abroad of their main argument against assuming further burdens in the effort to halt Soviet aggression; it has increased our bargaining power in asking for wider commitments; it has increased our influence in the U.N. and among wavering people on the margins of Soviet power.

9. The attempt to fix upon the Administration, and upon Acheson in particular, the historical responsibility for the spread of Communism in Asia has given the defendants a unique opportunity to go back over a cloudy, complicated history and explain their case. In an exceptionally able presentation, Acheson has set Yalta in its pre-atomic perspective, and analyzed more persuasively than ever before the reasons why Chiang Kai-shek failed. The spotlight was also thrown for a minute on the China Lobby and its activities, which are of a kind Americans do not like. Finally, General Wedemeyer, introduced as a major witness for the prosecution, asserted that the Communists could have been stopped at the Yangtze "with broomsticks" if the Nationalist régime had had the will to do it. He also revealed that at a time when he felt seven American divisions might have halted the Communist tide and saved even Manchuria, he was refused these divisions by none other than General MacArthur—another decision presumably understandable in the conditions under which it was made.



10. The attempt to split the Democratic Party over foreign as well as domestic policy has instead produced Democratic solidarity rare in recent years. A Southern Senator, no particular friend of Mr. Truman's, has conducted the inquiry in a way that has commanded general respect; and as the issues have unfolded, the Democratic membership in and out of Congress has come to understand and support the Administration's foreign policy to an extent not recently known. The Democrats also show signs of headiness over the slow discovery that the Republicans are committing themselves to a campaign in the area where Truman is actually strongest—his foreign-policy record—rather than in such areas of Democratic political weakness as mink coats and mediocrity.

The Balance Sheet

These ten points are obviously not the whole story. Large numbers of people will remain convinced that a great soldier has not only been wronged, but can say or do no wrong. Large numbers will forever bitterly oppose anything Mr. Truman does. Larger numbers still will remain ignorant or confused about the issues and choices before us.

But these ten points should be enough to worry Joe Martin. Of those not irrevocably committed in *any* event, we would hazard two guesses: that the number of people who will now support Martin & Co. are not only notably fewer than this group earlier hoped, but fewer than before the affair; and, second, that the policy of a sober assumption of our responsibilities in the twentieth-century world is now more widely supported than before, not only in the country at large, but in the parties that must act upon that policy. Another question remains: How long are Republicans going to let the Martin-Taft-McCarthy wing dominate the party's public stand on foreign policy?

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Korea and Gallipoli

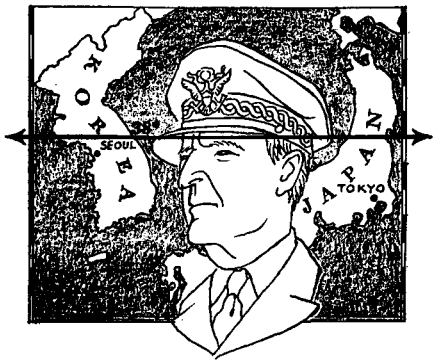
Thirty-five years ago Britain conducted an investigation from which our Senators could take quite a few pointers

LINDSAY ROGERS

FEW IF ANY members of the Senate's Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees are satisfied with the results of the "grand inquest" into General MacArthur's dismissal. Some are sorry that the Administration was not embarrassed more; some wish that it had been embarrassed less. Some gilt has been rubbed off General MacArthur, and many points remain obscure. The most obvious and glaring conflicts in testimony have not been cleared up, and if the committees attempt to prepare majority and minority reports neither will seem satisfactory to any save rabid partisans.

Anticipating this, the members of the two committees joined in a statement. "The record compiled," they said, "is replete with discord and disagreement," but they declared that "the free world has no cause for dismay." Any aggressor "would face the united energies, the united resources, and the united devotion of all the American people." This was a tardy but welcome assurance to friends and allies in the rest of the free world. They had been amazed and dismayed by the spectacle in Washington of Cabinet members, military chiefs, and lesser personages disclosing to the public differences of opinion within the U.S. government and between that government and its allies on the strategy of a war still being waged and on the foreign policy that had preceded that war.

To say this is not to suggest that the Senate was wrong in principle to insist on an inquiry "into the military situation in the Far East and the facts surrounding the relief of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur from his assignment in that area." An immediate investigation was desirable. How could it have been conducted so as not to give aid and comfort to the enemy and to



produce findings that would carry conviction with all Americans regardless of party?

Gallipoli

Thirty-five years ago the British Parliament had to deal with a situation which in many respects was similar to the one Congress faced when President Truman removed General MacArthur. On the Western Front the war with Germany was a bloody stalemate, but near Constantinople there had been disasters. The naval attack on the Dardanelles had failed, and, after sustaining heavy losses, Empire troops had been evacuated from the Gallipoli Peninsula. British prestige in the Balkans was shattered and confidence at home was shaken. Parliament was not at all convinced that Prime Minister Asquith's Cabinet was giving a sure direction to the conduct of the war. It was believed that civilian Ministers had taken decisions against the advice of military and naval experts. High officers had been removed from their commands, and there was doubt as to whether the service departments in London or commanders in the Mediterranean theater had been responsible for naval and military failures or whether the blame should be shared.

An investigation there had to be, but Parliament did not wish to conduct it through a committee of its own Members. The House of Commons remembered a committee that had satisfied neither it nor the public. In 1912 allegations had been made that Members from the Liberal Cabinet had speculated in the shares of the Marconi Company, which was expected to profit from a contract for the erection of an Imperial chain of wireless stations that the government was negotiating with it. The House of Commons set up a Select Committee to make an inquiry. Its procedures and reports drew severe criticism. There was nothing blatantly demagogic, as is sometimes the case in Washington when personalities and party politics are involved, but some Members on the committee had shown themselves to be partisan in attacking or defending witnesses, and there had been majority and minority reports. This time Parliament wanted findings on responsibilities for the failures in the Mediterranean theater that would be accepted by both parties.

Hence it decided to set up two special commissions. One was to investigate the defeats in Mesopotamia, where provision for the sick and wounded had been scandalously lacking. The other commission was "to inquire into the origin, inception, and conduct of Operations of War in the Dardanelles and Gallipoli . . ." With the agreement of party leaders, the Act named eight members for one commission and ten for the other. Four of each were House of Commons Members who were generally respected. Lord Cromer chaired the Dardanelles Commission, and his five remaining colleagues included a Lord Justice of Appeal, a retired Admiral of the Fleet, a retired Field Marshal, and the High Commissioner for Australia, since Aus-

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tralian troops had been heavily involved at Gallipoli. Parliament and the public had confidence in the ability and impartiality of the ten commissioners.

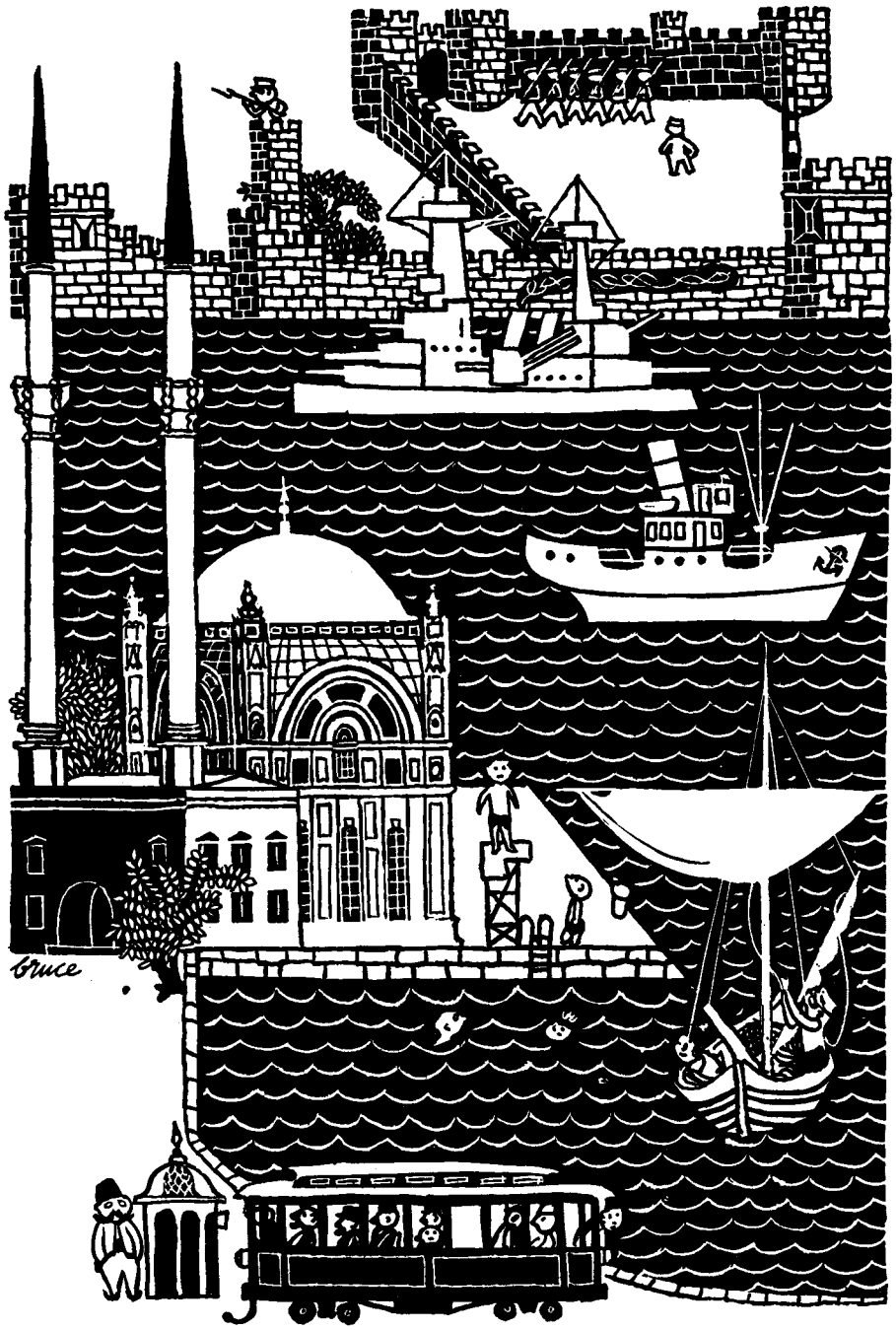
Rules of Procedure

The Act gave them full powers to enforce the attendance of witnesses, to compel the production of documents, and to punish persons guilty of contempt. The commission could "allow or refuse to allow the public or any portion of the public to be present during any proceedings," but it was taken for granted that the commission would meet in private. The Act provided that if any person present at any of the proceedings of the commissioners at which the public was not admitted "discloses without the authority of the Commissioners, or without proper authority given on behalf of His Majesty, either directly or indirectly, anything that has taken place at those proceedings, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour."

The controversies that were inquired into were far more complicated than the ones that concerned the Senate committees, but at bottom the issue was the same: unsatisfactory relations between civilian Ministers and their expert advisers. Mr. Asquith's Secretary of State for War was Lord Kitchener, who had been a distinguished soldier in the Sudan and South Africa. He could delegate little or nothing. All his subordinates were in awe of his reputation and authority. In the Cabinet no one dared argue with him; and his colleagues—even the Prime Minister—had to be extremely tactful when they asked him questions. Over him there was no civilian control whatever.

The First Lord of the Admiralty was Winston Churchill. Early in 1915 he had begun to urge an expedition to force the Dardanelles and take Turkey out of the war—an idea that gained powerful support when Russia asked for a move from the south against the Turks in order to reduce the strain on its hard pressed army. The British had made studies of a possible Dardanelles campaign, but all of these had involved using troops to support a naval attack. Lord Kitchener refused to furnish any troops (January 28); and Mr. Churchill, overcoming the objections of his First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher) decided to have the Navy proceed alone. Later Lord Kitchener agreed to furnish troops, with General Sir Ian Hamilton in command, but there had been no decision on the scope of the military operations that were contemplated, no preliminary schemes had been drawn up, no arrangements had been made about water supply, and there had been in general "a great want of staff preparation."

Meanwhile, the naval attack had begun. The first bombardment was on February 19. Initial successes were considerable, and by March 2 the outer defenses of the Dardanelles had been destroyed. But the minesweeping force was considered inadequate. The final attack took place on March 18. Out of sixteen battleships, three were sunk and four were unfit for further immediate action, and the naval attack was broken off. It later transpired that the Turkish forts had practically no ammunition left, that the danger from mines had been greatly overestimated, and that a renewed attack would in all



The Dardanelles—an artist's conception

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probability have achieved a resounding success. Land operations began on April 25. The details of their repeated failures are not pertinent here. In December, 1915, the British Cabinet decided on evacuation. Empire casualties had amounted to 31,389 killed, 78,749 wounded, and 9,708 missing—a total of 119,846. French losses had also been heavy.

The first report of the Dardanelles Commission paid a good deal of attention to the views of the service advisers as to what their responsibilities actually were. The civilian Ministers told the commission that when, in the War Council, they heard no objections being voiced by the Army's Chief of Staff or the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, they were entitled to think that the silence indicated assent. The service advisers had a different idea of their duties. When Lord Fisher was asked why he thought that at the War Council he had only two alternatives, "one to yield your opinion absolutely and the other to resign," he replied that he and his service colleagues were not members of the War Council: "We were the experts there who were to open our mouths when told to." Sir Arthur Wilson (an Admiral) said that if the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. Churchill) expressed a naval view with which he did not agree, he would not have said so "unless I was asked. I was there to help the First Lord."

Q. And you were never asked?

A. No.

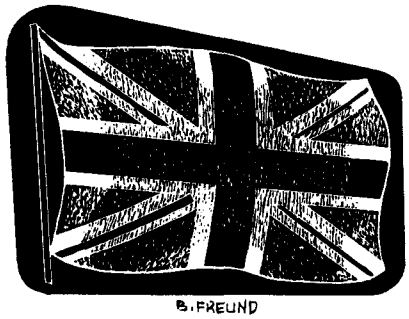
Q. And you were there to help the First Lord?

A. Yes.

Q. But not necessarily to agree with him?

A. Not to express agreement if I did not agree, but not to oppose him when it was not a matter which specially concerned me. [The crispness of these questions and answers will impress those who have floundered through the testimony before the Senate committees.]

The Dardanelles Commission said that this was all wrong; that chiefs of staff and Sea Lords should express opinions in the highest councils when they were in the presence of their political chiefs. Indeed, in December, 1916, after Mr. Asquith's resignation, when David Lloyd George set up his own Cabinet, he anticipated this principle. He made it clear that "the Cabi-



net would have the same access to the experts as their departmental chiefs; that questions could be addressed to them directly; and that they were to speak their minds freely without waiting for the permission or the opinions of their political chiefs."

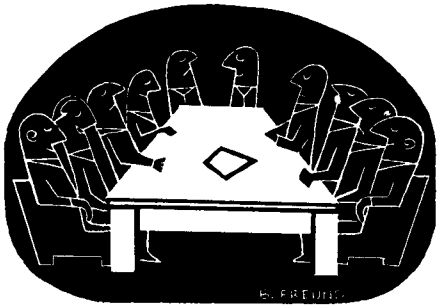
A Modern Application

The practice that Lloyd George inaugurated is pertinent to the situation in Washington at the present time. So far as defense is concerned, the counterpart of the British Cabinet or the Committee of Imperial Defense is the National Security Council. General Bradley, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is the only serviceman who attends its meetings. The principle stated by Lloyd George—and it has worked well in Great Britain—would mean that in Washington the Army's Chief of Staff, the Chief of Naval Operations, and the Chief of Staff of the Air Force should attend meetings of the National Security Council, and that each should speak up whenever he dissents from the decisions that the council takes. While the civilians must have the final word—not even General MacArthur's idolators deny this—the statesmen should know the opinions of the generals and the admirals. But apart from the data they contain on the important and continuing problem of civilian-military relationships, the Gallipoli reports are worth studying on two other grounds: the procedures followed and the attitude of Parliament toward the investigating bodies it had charged with an important task.

The Dardanelles Commission was set up on August 17, 1916, and held a first meeting on August 23 to call an unimportant witness who was about to proceed to India and hence would be unavailable later. It then adjourned for twenty-seven days in order to permit Lieutenant Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey, who had acted as Secretary of the Cabinet's War Council, to prepare a summary of the proceedings of the council in so far as they dealt with the Dardanelles expedition. As the report said: "We considered that the preparation of such a summary was an almost essential preliminary to the conduct of further inquiries." Years later Sir Maurice Hankey said that following the passage of the Act he had spent 174 hours in preparing his own testimony and in assisting the Cabinet Ministers and the chiefs of staff who would testify. He himself was the first witness. Thereafter the commission determined an order of witnesses, so that it would obtain evidence on matters it wished successively to investigate. It did not have to recess so that its members could answer roll calls. Nor did it adjourn before its inquiry was completed in order to return to duties that had been neglected. The commission insisted on hearing from everyone who could throw light on the matters into which it was inquiring.

'The Greatest Legal Engine'

"The many possible deficiencies, suppressions, sources of error, and untrustworthiness which lie beneath the bare untested assertion of a witness may be best brought to light and exposed by cross-examination," wrote John H. Wigmore, the great authority on the law of evidence. "Cross-examination is beyond doubt the greatest legal engine ever invented for the discovery of the truth." There can be no effective cross-examination when Senators use hearings to make speeches as well as to elicit information; when there are "rounds of questioning" in order of seniority; when time limits are imposed on each Senator; when one Senator "yields" to another, and when the chairman is asked to rule on whose "time" is being used; when Senators are absent for long stretches so that they ask questions without realizing the fact



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that they are covering ground already covered by earlier interrogations; and when they base their questions on what they have seen over television the night before, or on a flash bulletin that has just come over the news ticker.

The Quality of Thoroughness

The Dardanelles Commission, which, as I have pointed out, was set up in August, 1916, made its first report on February 12, 1917. This dealt exclusively with "The Origin and Inception of the Attack on the Dardanelles." Ten months later (December 4, 1917) it made a second, more voluminous report on the conduct of operations. Unlike the Senate committees, which fixed an arbitrary adjournment date and allowed General MacArthur to say whether he wished to appear again, the Dardanelles Commission completed its task conscientiously. It recalled witnesses, including Mr. Lloyd George, who in the meantime had become Prime Minister.

His War Cabinet decided what parts of the minutes of evidence could not be published (there was no controversy over the deletions), and the reports, when they appeared, gave Parliament and the public their first information on the evidence that had been taken and on the findings that had been made. Thus readers could form their opinions on the basis of a single document. Proceedings such as those before the Senate committees mean that the public must revise its judgment from day to day on the basis of what one witness says in contradiction of a previous witness.

All the Dardanelles commissioners agreed that the disclosure of facts had been as complete as the commission could make them. Three commissioners dissented briefly on the interpretations of certain facts. There was no outcry from political or personal friends or enemies that there had been improper or partisan judgments. Responsibility for the failure of the Dardanelles expedition ceased to be a matter of controversy.

And while the inquiry was on, what of the House of Commons? Were its members idolizing certain generals and admirals, defending others, and vilifying Ministers? If, while the commission was at work, any member of the House of Commons had attempted to debate the matters being inquired into he would have been ruled out of order.

If, in an interview with the press or in a speech to his constituents, any Member of the House of Commons had discussed responsibility for the Dardanelles disaster and had seemed to prejudge the commission's findings, the House would have instructed its Committee of Privileges to summon the offending member to determine whether he had "scandalized" the commission and thus was in contempt of the

House which had created it. Nor would there have been any material difference in this respect if the Dardanelles inquiry had been conducted by a select committee of the House of Commons. The Speaker refuses to permit any discussion of a committee's labors until it makes its report. Any disclosure of evidence given to a select committee meeting in private is a breach of privilege and punishable by the House.

During the hearings in Washington, Senators left the committee room and endeavored to curry favor with waiting correspondents by reporting highlights of testimony before the transcripts of evidence were ready. Indeed, one Senator embarrassed himself because he could not decipher the notes that he had made. Important military information was censored, but some of it was bound to leak out. It could hardly be otherwise with Senators not members of the two committees hearing it and with the lack of any statutory provision, as was the case in the Dardanelles inquiry, that made even inadvertent disclosure of evidence given in private a misdemeanor.

Parliament and Congress

Manifestly there is a marked contrast between the strict view that the British Parliament takes of its members and the tolerant attitude of the Congress toward the Senators and Representatives who adorn its chambers. The American Congress is an entity that violates the proposition of the mathematicians that the sum is equal to the whole of its parts. Congress does not look upon a committee as a servant which must obey its instructions. A committee is an independent satrapy and does as it pleases. A member of a committee is independent of it and can with impunity disclose its secrets and prejudge its findings. In abusing this freedom in order to publicize themselves, Senators and Representatives have advantages denied a Member of the House of Commons.

At present our Congress gives its members free rein and does not attempt to implement the principle that they must not be contemptuous of it. Representatives can be indicted and convicted of criminal offenses and the House as a whole shows no interest. Two years ago a British Tribunal of Inquiry found that a Member from the Labour Government had accepted presents of wine and spirits, some cigars, a suit of clothes, and some hospitality. His benefactor had hoped to secure favorable and expeditious treatment of applications for licenses that were pending. The Minister had not violated any law, but he was forced to leave the Government and vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

Is Improvement Possible?

By and large, under Senator Russell's chairmanship the members of the Senate committees have behaved in a more responsible manner than have the members of certain other investigating committees—notably the House Committee on Un-American Activities when J. Parnell Thomas was its chairman. But when the Senate committees finished their labors and turned to legislation that had fallen sadly in arrears, few if any persons were able to argue that the "grand inquest" had been worthwhile. Policies were still unclear; facts continued to be disputed. Only the enemy had benefited. The enemy gained no advantage from the British government's attempt to assess responsibility for the failures at the Dardanelles and in Mesopotamia.

There are those in Congress who realize that this British practice has great advantages. A year ago Senators Elbert D. Thomas (D., Utah) and Irving M. Ives (R., New York) intro-

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duced a bill establishing "Congressional Investigation Commissions" which could be brought into being by a concurrent resolution—that is, without Presidential approval. Each commission would include two Senators, two Representatives, and three other persons chosen jointly by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House from a panel appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The bill has slumbered in committee. It is not likely soon to become law, but if it were on the statute books Congress would have in readiness an investigating agency that could conduct a thoroughgoing probe and issue a nonpartisan report.

The High Cost of Security

The government's newly intensified loyalty program can lose us able servants and fundamental rights

ALAN BARTH

WHEN the Federal Employee Loyalty Program was first announced by President Truman in March, 1947, it had, in his words, a double purpose: first, that "maximum protection must be afforded the United States against infiltration of disloyal persons into the ranks of its employees," and second, that "equal protection from unfounded accusations of disloyalty must be afforded the loyal employees of the Government."

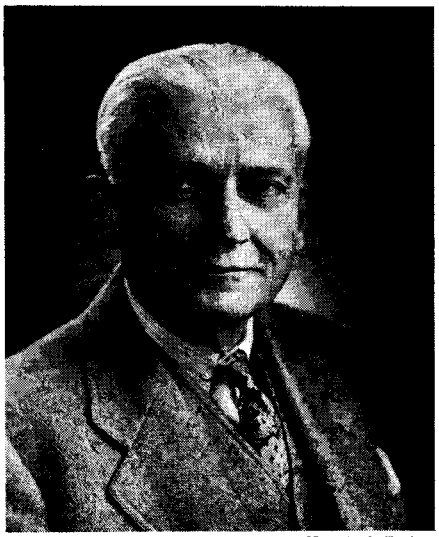
These aims are mutually dependent. Security certainly demands that untrustworthy persons be kept out of the civil service, but it also demands the recruitment of the ablest Americans obtainable and maintenance of their morale and efficiency at the highest possible level. There is no real security in a government of reliable robots.

The changed standard of eligibility for government employment authorized by the President in April, 1951, reflects a marked change in emphasis between the loyalty program's twin purposes. It puts a heavy accent on "protection . . . against infiltration of disloyal persons," and it relegates "protection from unfounded accusations of disloyalty" to a completely subordinate status.

Under the original executive order establishing the loyalty program, an individual could be removed from or rejected for any Federal job if "on all the evidence, reasonable grounds exist for belief that the person involved is disloyal to the Government of the United States." Badgered by Republicans in Congress, importuned by the Civil Service Commission and by the new chairman of its Loyalty Review Board, Hiram Bingham, the President changed the order in April to provide that the standard for removal or rejection should be that "on all the evidence, there is a reasonable doubt as to the loyalty of the person involved to the Government . . ."

There is no significant legal difference between the two standards, but the psychological implications of the shift have a great deal of significance. It has already been interpreted by the Loyalty Review Board as a Presidential authorization to reduce even the rudimentary safeguards of individual rights afforded by the loyalty program in the past.

There are some absurd misconcep-



Harris & Ewing

Hiram Bingham

Harris & Ewing

Elizabeth Bentley

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tions about the operation of the loyalty program under the old standard. Senator Homer Ferguson told the Senate in a speech on April 5 of this year, for example, that an employee could not be removed under the old standard even "if there is proof that the accused has been guilty of disloyalty by belonging to the Communist Party and even though there is proof that he has committed perjury before the Board by denying that he has been a member of the Communist Party . . . simply because it is not proved that at the present time he is a member of the Communist Party."

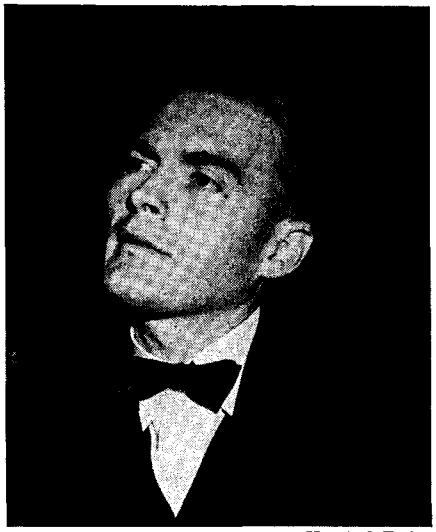
This contention seems to be based upon confusion arising out of the case of William W. Remington. Remington was cleared in 1949 by the Loyalty Review Board. Subsequently a jury in New York found him guilty of perjury for having testified under oath that he had never been a member of the Communist Party. The jury—which heard witnesses not available to the Loyalty Review Board—concluded that Remington had in fact been a Communist at some time between 1937 and 1944. The Loyalty Review Board had inquired in detail into Remington's past largely because of Elizabeth Bentley's charges concerning him. But Miss Bentley, although invited on three separate dates fixed to suit her convenience, failed to appear before the board.

Evidently the board's members came to the conclusion that Remington was telling the truth when he denied ever having been a party member. This was certainly not an unreasonable conclusion for conscientious men to reach; and certainly there was no "proof" to the contrary. If the board had thought that Remington was committing perjury, it was by no means obliged to clear him—and would not have done so.

'Reasonable Doubt'

In his April 5 speech at the Senate, Senator Ferguson went on to say that "the loyalty program at present simply does not inquire whether a person's past disloyalty has a bearing upon his present loyalty and fitness for public trust, unless it can be proved that the individual is now disloyal. I emphasize the word *now.*"

The whole record of the loyalty program shows this to be nonsense. From



Harris & Ewing

William W. Remington

their inception, loyalty boards have consistently inquired into past associations and opinions of persons called before them. It is obvious that in this respect the new standard makes no change whatever. To dismiss an employee under the old order, the board had to find that "reasonable grounds *exist.*" Under the new order, it must find that "there *is* a reasonable doubt." Would Senator Ferguson like the board to dismiss employees if reasonable grounds do *not* now exist for believing them disloyal? The program was surely intended not to punish loyal employees for past errors but to ensure loyalty in the present.

The case of Dorothy Bailey—the only one in which proceedings before the loyalty boards have been made public—shows plainly that the program has operated from the beginning on something indistinguishable from a "reasonable doubt" basis. Miss Bailey was declared ineligible for government employment because the Loyalty Review Board felt that information reported to it at second hand from unidentified sources gave it "reasonable grounds" for belief that she was disloyal at the time it considered her appeal. It gave this unsworn, anonymous testimony more weight than the testimony of numerous known, reputable persons who came before it and affirmed, under oath, their faith in her trustworthiness and integrity.

The Loyalty Board applied in Miss Bailey's case precisely the "reasonable doubt" doctrine that Senator Ferguson said it ought to apply. And an evenly divided Supreme Court allowed this judgment—a travesty on American traditions of justice—to stand.

"Reasonable doubt" is a piece of legal jargon that has more or less clear meaning for members of the bench and bar but which judges always have difficulty in defining for juries made up of laymen. It must mean something more than mere groundless suspicion. It must depend on something more substantial than an unsupported accusation by Senator McCarthy. When Judge Harold Medina charged the jury in the trial of the eleven Communist Party leaders, he said, "A reasonable doubt means a doubt founded upon reason. It does not mean a fanciful doubt, or a whimsical or capricious doubt, for anything relating to human affairs and depending upon human testimony is open to some possible or imaginary doubt." The Loyalty Review Board has now adopted this definition as a caveat to its members. But there is much reason to fear that the laymen among them, if not the lawyers, will tend to disqualify individuals on mere suspicion. Thus a program which began on a basis of guilt by association may well wind up on a basis of guilt by accusation.

Double Jeopardy?

The Loyalty Review Board has ruled, in the light of the recently changed language of the loyalty order, that the head of an agency may now call up for reopening and readjudication any of the 9,300 individual cases of those who have been cleared for Federal employment after full investigation by the FBI since the program began in 1947. The approximately two hundred cases that were reversed by an agency head or by the Loyalty Review Board on appeal from an adverse determination by a lower board are subject to mandatory reopening and readjudication. So are 647 "borderline" cases of people rated eligible by lower boards, cases later reviewed by a panel of the Loyalty Review Board in its post-audit program. Approximately 850 "cleared" employees must therefore undergo again the long, painful, expensive, and hazardous process of proving their innocence. In addition, anyone who transfers from one government job to another must submit again to a loyalty investigation. This raises a special

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problem for the new emergency agencies that want to recruit able personnel with experience in the civil service. An employee who has been cleared after investigation, charges, and hearings may hesitate to put his reputation to a new test by shifting to an agency where he might be able to make a more useful contribution; he may prefer to play it safe and stay where he is. "Clearance" has become, at best, a dubious accolade. The loyalty program began by putting the burden of proof on the accused; it has come around, perhaps inevitably, to embracing double jeopardy.

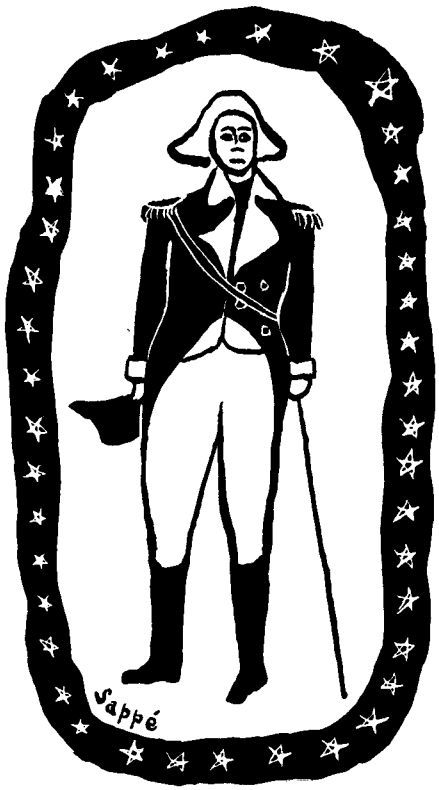
"Cleared" government employees have always been subject to reinvestigation—and properly so—when new derogatory information concerning them is discovered. But to reopen cases in the absence of such information involves a great deal of waste motion as well as harassment of individual workers. It is theoretically possible, to be sure, that a man found to be loyal on Thursday will turn around and become a minion of Moscow on Friday. But as a practical matter this risk has to be run in the interest of morale and general efficiency, in the case of employees whose records are irreproachable. Absolute personnel security is unattainable. Only dead employees, to paraphrase an old saying, can be completely counted on to tell no secrets.

It may be useful at this point to summarize briefly the rights considered inalienable among American citizens which have been renounced so far as government employees are concerned. The presumption of innocence supposed to surround an accused person has been abolished. The doctrine that guilt is personal and cannot be imputed on the basis of mere association does not apply. The right of the accused to confront and cross-examine his accusers is forfeited. The immunity from rearraignment on a charge that has been disproved is abandoned.

In the case of government employees the usual relationship of the citizen to his government has been reversed. An ordinary citizen may not be punished by the government unless it can be proved beyond a reasonable doubt that he has committed an overt act forbidden by law; but a government employee can be punished by dismissal and disgrace unless he can prove beyond a reasonable doubt his own innocence of an act which may not have been unlawful at the time it was committed. On such terms government service entails heavy disadvantages.

The 'Security Risk' Panic

The diminished consideration for individual rights in the loyalty program has been accompanied by a corresponding debasement of standards in the corollary "security-risk" program. These standards have never been precisely formulated and they have undergone no formal change. Certain agencies, including several like the Commerce and Justice Departments, which have few genuinely sensitive positions, have been given summary dismissal powers by Congress. This means that they may fire any employee, without regard to the provisions of the civil-service laws, for any reason whatever—or for no reason at all—if it is determined that his continued employment constitutes a risk to security. The agencies possessing these summary dismissal powers have tended from the beginning to exercise them, at least to a certain extent, on the basis of cynical expediency —that is, to get rid of anybody whose continued employment might give rise to some future embarrassment and, in some instances, to get rid of anybody whose continued employment might be displeasing to an influential member of Congress. The Commerce Department's summary firings of Michael Lee and of William Remington (who was discharged *before* he was indicted for perjury) are cases in point. So is the Navy Department's recent dismissal (technically, an accepted resignation) of Dr. Stephen Brunauer. All three men had been formally cleared as to loyalty after investigation by the FBI and hearings before loyalty boards.



Lately these agencies have been displaying a markedly increased stringency in regard to security clearances. It is scarcely an overstatement to say that now they almost automatically treat as a "security risk" anybody who has been subjected to charges in the course of a loyalty investigation and has been "cleared" after a hearing, no matter how complete his vindication may have been. This is done in large part not out of any genuine security considerations but out of deference to the Appropriations Committees of Congress. When government officials go up to Capitol Hill for appropriations hearings, they are commonly asked to tell what they have done with "questionable" employees—that is, with employees who have been accused of disloyalty, however irresponsibly. The only safe answer is, "We have gotten rid of all of them."

Almost anybody whose presence in an agency might be considered by his superiors a handicap in securing appropriations from Congress is likely to find himself stigmatized as a security risk. The result is that while the government has moved, in the formal loyalty program, from a standard of guilt by association to a standard of guilt by accusation, it has moved at the same time from a security-risk program to what might more properly be called an appropriations-risk program.

Fear and Smear

The justification for this wanton disregard of individual rights and reputations is, of course, that it promotes national security. The premise deserves examination. The high subsidiary costs of the present loyalty and security programs must not be glossed over. They cannot be measured by the easy yardstick of the number of employees actually dismissed. These will no doubt continue to constitute no more than a tiny percentage of the tremendous

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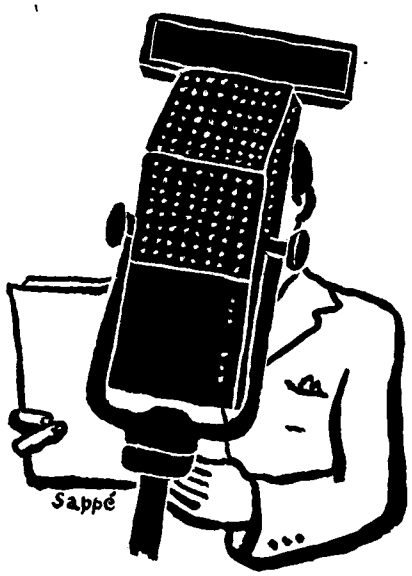
roster of Federal workers, And those who read as they run may conclude from this, as they have done so commonly in the past, that no witch hunt is in progress. But it is necessary to take into account as well the number of forced resignations and the number of resignations submitted voluntarily because employees do not choose to run again the gantlet of "clearance," because they do not care to submit their futures to the terrible risk that a star-chamber tribunal will consider, on the basis of anonymous hearsay, a "reasonable doubt" as to their loyalty. There should also enter into the reckoning the thousands of employees frozen in jobs below their level of competence because they do not dare to make a hazardous change, and the number of able, loyal citizens who may reject proffered government positions because they do not wish to place themselves in such jeopardy or to give up cherished rights of citizenship. Under the conditions that now prevail, government service cannot seem very attractive.

The standards for screening government employees put a premium on conformity. They strongly tend to select those who have been orthodox in behavior and opinion—those who have thought the "right" thoughts and associated with the "right" people. They tend strongly also to enforce orthodoxy upon those taken into the civil service —to make them extremely cautious in their utterances, for any dissent from official policy or any expression which might be considered subversive by a Congressman may be set down as an indication of disloyalty. The government is deprived, in consequence, of precisely the independence of mind and the internal initiative that are needed to meet the problems of the present emergency.

The effect on the general morale of the civil service cannot be measured. It must be clear, however, that no employee of the government, however guarded and circumspect he may be, can feel wholly free from fear that he will be the victim of idle or malicious whispers by one of his associates. As John Lord O'Brian once observed, "No one familiar with the administration of a government department . . . can doubt that the mere existence of any law or order authorizing secret investigations will encourage suspicion, distrust, gossip, malevolent tale-bearing, character assassination, and a general undermining of morale."

The Anonymous Prosecutors

The fundamental vice of the loyalty program is its reliance upon information from unknown sources. No reputable newspaper will print anonymous letters. No sensible person will shape his judgment of his associates on the basis of anonymous gossip. No court of law will allow hearsay, even when its source is identified, let alone when it comes from an unknown source, to be submitted to a jury passing upon even the most trivial violation of law. Yet



loyalty boards make determinations that may blast men's lives on the basis of information the reliability of which they have no way of judging. They have no independent means by which to tell whether an informant cryptically designated W-6 in an FBI report is a wise man or a crackpot, an unprejudiced observer or a bigot, a sober citizen or a malicious meddler, a patriot or a Communist. They can only guess.

It is a sick kind of folly to suppose that security can be promoted by such guessing. One need only consider the power it puts into the hands of unscrupulous political partisans or, for that matter, into the hands of concealed Communists—the power to destroy the government's most valuable officials—to see how dangerous to national security it can be. The risks it entails are graver by far than the risks it is intended to avert.

Indisputably, the government needs to screen its employees with jealous, sedulous care. But it no more needs to do it by guessing at the validity of anonymous information than it needs to do it by lottery or by medieval ordeal. It can do it—and do it much more effectively, as it has done it in the past and as private business organizations do it in relation to positions of responsibility and trust—by diligent inquiry respecting the character and loyalty of employees among known, reputable, responsible business and professional associates. Information from such sources can be sifted and given such weight as it may seem to deserve by loyalty or security boards. Admittedly, such a procedure would not be wholly free from risk. But it would involve less risk than reliance upon anonymous informers.

Loyalty and Liberty

Protection against infiltration of disloyal persons into the ranks of government employees is much too important to national security to be left to the guesswork of the present loyalty program. And protection of loyal employees from unfounded accusations is also too important to national security to be left to a vague standard of "reasonable doubt" arising out of such guesswork.

The time is long past due for a sober, objective assessment of the loyalty program in utilitarian terms. Does it genuinely promote national security? Does it do disastrous injury to fundamental American values, the preservation of which constitutes the real function of national security? These are the vital questions which the Nimitz Commission was created to answer. The frustration of that commission by Senator Pat McCarran and his Senate Judiciary Committee cuts the American people off from an understanding of one of their most pressing national problems.The questions cannot be ignored. There is urgent need for some alternative body that will do the job the Nimitz Commission was supposed to do. Perhaps the need can be met by a privately sponsored group of universally respected citizens. What is at stake here is nothing less than those inalienable rights which the government of the United States was instituted to secure. These rights can scarcely be secured by disregarding and destroying them.

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A Break for Small Business

Tired of watching big firms get most of the defense orders, the smaller ones are prodding Congress hard for a new setup

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

THE SMALL manufacturer, who has learned to expect vast quantities of oral encouragement from Washington but little active help, could look back on June 4, 1951, as a day of surprise and pleasure.

Until that day, economic attrition seemed to many a mere matter of time. With mobilization accelerating, the small firm had found it more and more difficult to get scarce materials for normal production, and almost impossible to get defense contracts. Since the big corporations negotiated privately for most of the government orders, and consequently received most of the priorities for critical raw materials, many small manufacturers were seriously preparing for the not very distant date on which they would be forced to shut up shop.

During the last war, such hard-pressed firms could turn to the Smaller War Plants Corporation, established under the War Production Board to see that small manufacturers got their fair share of war contracts and to provide loans for them. When military demands slackened toward the end of the war, SWPC for a time was able to channel raw materials thus freed to firms no longer occupied with war contracts. With relatively small supplies, it kept thousands of small companies in business.

This time, however, there was no SWPC. Bills to create a Small Defense Plants Corporation had been introduced in the Eighty-first Congress and again in the Eighty-second. All had the unanimous support of both the House and Senate Small Business Committees, but all gathered dust. Neither the Senate nor the House Banking and Currency Committee scheduled a hearing on the proposal, although the Senate committee did promise one.

Despite this apparent lack of enthusiasm, the two Small Business Committees continued to work quietly on the project. The proposed legislation was revised many times to meet minor objections. The House committee held hearings on mobilization problems in nineteen states. The Senate committee sponsored seventy-five Small Business Clinics throughout the country.

Small manufacturers themselves provided the biggest impetus. Increasing numbers of them began descending on Washington, vainly seeking defense contracts and material allocations. One man waited two days for an appointment with a defense official he'd been told was the only man who could help him. When they finally got together, the official laid down his watch and announced: "I can see you for exactly nine minutes. But let me warn you first. I'm just a sponge for your troubles. Actually, I can't do a thing for you."

The Senators Rally Round

Small businessmen dumped factual case histories such as this into the laps of elected spokesmen on Capitol Hill. Senators and Representatives in turn approached their Small Business Committees seeking answers. They were shown the bills authorizing a Small Defense Plants Corporation. Finally, without organized political pressure, the proposal gained support.

On June 4, Senator John J. Sparkman of Alabama, chairman of the Select Committee on Small Business, reintroduced the proposal, this time as an amendment to the bill extending the Defense Production Act. On that morning, the amendment had thirty sponsors, including the thirteen members of Sparkman's committee. The sponsors represented half the states in the Union, and every shading of political sentiment. By mid-afternoon, ten more Senators had added their names as sponsors. Before the *Congressional Record* and copies of the amendment could be printed that night, still another ten Senators had requested that their names be placed on the list. Senator Homer Capehart's telephone call just missed the deadline, but the staff of Sparkman's committee dutifully

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penciled in his name below the others the next morning, bringing the number of sponsors to fifty-one. Within a week it was fifty-five, six more than needed to pass the Senate. Within two weeks the House copy of the bill also had an absolute majority (236 members) as sponsors.

Practically overnight, the early creation of a Small Defense Plants Corporation had been assured. As defined in the amendment, it would have even more power than the old Smaller War Plants Corporation. For one thing, it would be a separate agency, not under the WPB. For another, it could claim for small manufacturers their fair share of scarce materials left over after defense needs had been met, a power WPB gave its predecessor only for a few months in 1944, under the name of the Spot Authorization Plan. The new corporation could also step in and order any specific defense contract to be given to small firms of its choice, or it could actually take a contract and break it down into subcontracts for distribution. And on its recommendation, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation would provide loans to small defense plants from a special $100-million fund.

Why hadn't a Small Defense Plants Corporation been authorized long before? The answer seems fairly simple: Mobilization Chief Charles E. Wilson had not appeared very much interested. And as far as Harry S. Truman was concerned, Wilson was running the show. Consequently, the bills for a SDPC received opposition from ranking mobilization officials and no Administration support.

Wilson had had his troubles with the old SWPC while he was serving as vice-chairman of WPB in the Second World War. In 1944, he bitterly opposed the Spot Authorization Plan, which had been approved by his superior, Donald Nelson. In fact, the Wilson-Nelson feud, which ended only when President Roosevelt accepted the resignations of both men in 1945, was supposed to have started over the plan.

When Wilson appeared before the Joint Committee on the Economic Report last January, he was asked by Representative Wright Patman of Texas if he had supported the Smaller War Plants Corporation when he was with WPB. "Oh, very much," said Wilson.

But after a few minutes of point-blank questioning, the Mobilization Director's attitude changed somewhat. When Patman, who is also chairman of the House Small Business Committee, outlined some of the help he thought a Small Defense Plants Corporation could give, Wilson shot back, "I should live so long to see that!"

While both the Senate and the House, in setting up Small Business Committees, have recognized the difference between small and big business, Wilson apparently has not. When Patman asked him exactly how the small manufacturer could compete with the big corporation for a defense contract, Wilson answered: "Easily. Go out and get it. You don't have to have it come to you on a silver platter with gold lace, for heaven's sake. In the last war, before I came down here to Washington, I was a peddler on this stuff. I went out and got it."

Of course, Wilson was a "peddler" for General Electric, with the name and all the resources of that corporation behind him.

Those around Wilson seem no more concerned with the particular problems of the small manufacturer. W. Stuart Symington, chairman of the National Security Resources Board, has answered a request by small businessmen for membership on defense advisory committees with this statement: "I believe that the business members . . . from the Council of Economic Development, Chamber of Commerce, and the National Association of Manufacturers provide representation for small business . . . consistent with that given to labor and agriculture."

NPA Plays It Safe

Administrator Manly Fleischmann of the National Production Authority has, like Wilson, issued statements to the effect that every effort should be made to fit small business into defense planning. But his less guarded remarks, like Wilson's, often indicate the opposite. In response to questioning before the House Expenditures Committee in March, Fleischmann agreed that it would be better for the NPA "to work with established businesses rather than risking additional taxpayers' money on enterprises whose background is not substantial."

Even if it were not for this ambiguous, to say the least, attitude on the part of defense policymakers, small manufacturers would still need a Small Defense Plants Corporation, and need it more than they needed the old Smaller War Plants Corporation. In the last war, with all-out military production, a sizable number of subcontracts spilled over to the smaller firms when the big corporations had their fill. In the present partial mobilization, the big companies, if allowed to, could assume the entire defense production load.

When it gets down to actual government procurement, there is a strong tendency to permit exactly this, a tendency often completely divorced from the attitude of the mobilization directors. The individual procurement officer, jealous of his rank, is finding, as he found in the Second World War,

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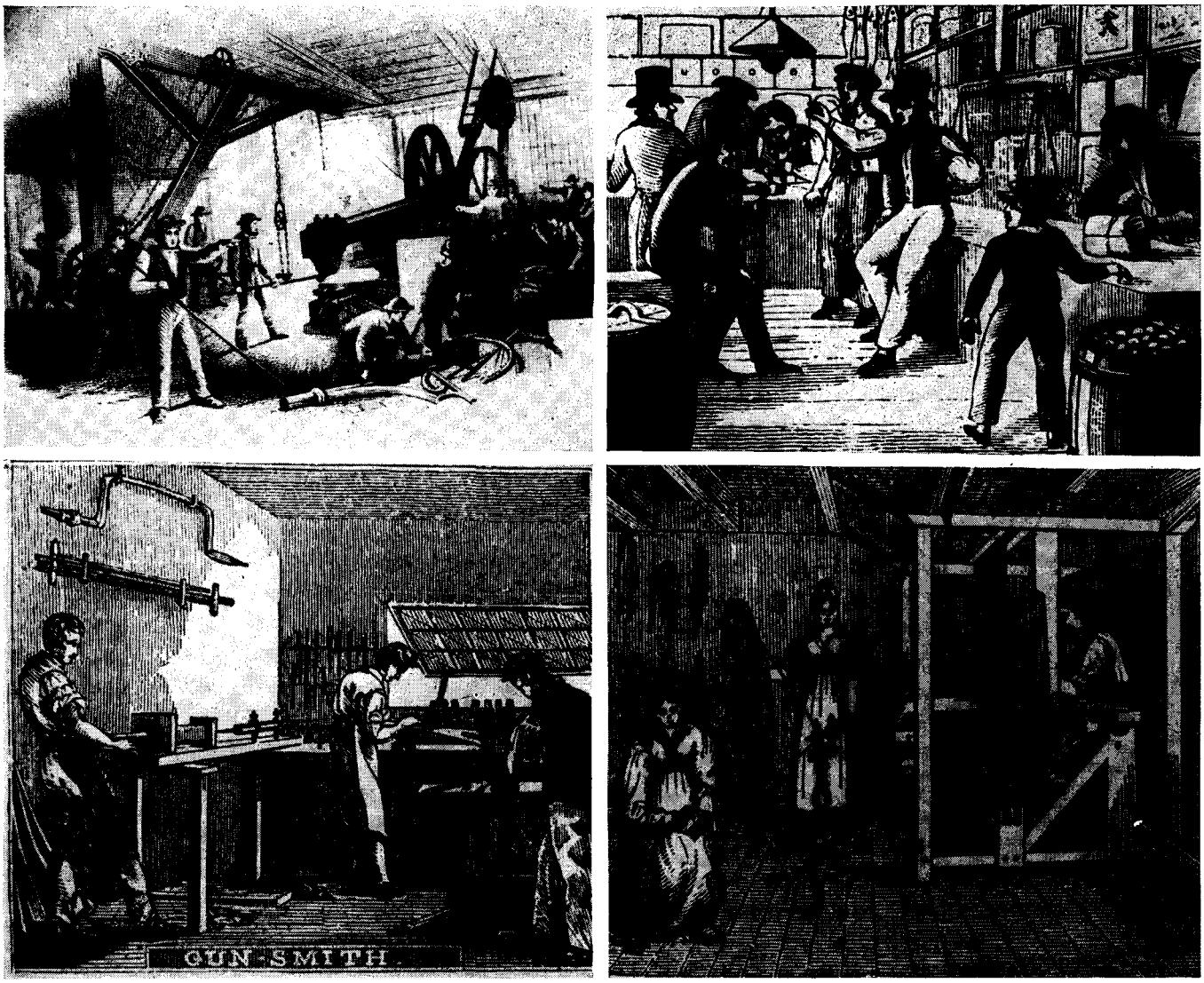
Small Business a Century Ago



The Bettmann Archive

that it is far easier to give any specific contract to a big, well-known company than to a small one. The big company can be accepted by virtue of its name, without further investigation; and even if it fails to fulfill the contract, the official concerned runs little risk of censure. With a small company, the case is quite the reverse.

Thanks to the laziness, timidity, or both, of procurement officials, the big corporations are today winning an even larger proportion of defense contracts than they did in the last war. Small manufacturers, generally defined as those employing less than five hundred workers, turn out about forty-five per cent of the nation's total production. According to the latest available Munitions Board figures, they are receiving only 16.6 per cent of the total value of contracts. And the percentage has been shrinking.

The government has two methods of letting contracts: negotiation and open bidding. In open bidding, the small manufacturer is informed of the contract and has an opportunity to submit his bid. Under the negotiated procedure, he is seldom even considered. When government contracts to small firms reached the low mark of 16.6 per cent early this year, the percentage awarded under open bidding had dropped to 16.1. Neither figure had ever fallen that low during the last war, according to Maury Maverick, former chairman of SWPC.

Wilson and his associates, of course, have their counterarguments. One is that small manufacturers simply cannot make tanks, planes, and ships; so no one should complain if ninety-eight per cent of the contracts for these items are negotiated. However, in 1950, negotiation was also employed for seventy-six per cent of the value of food contracts, thirty-one per cent of chemical and paint contracts, and twenty-six per cent of office-supply contracts. Recently a contract for Army fatigue hats—hardly a complex item—was negotiated.

Another Wilson argument is that the proper role for small business in a defense effort is working on subcontracts from the big companies. Patman describes this practice as relying on the crumbs from the table of one's biggest competitor. But Wilson insists that small firms made out very well indeed under it in the last war.

Surveys conducted during the Sec-

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ond World War would indicate otherwise. In 1943, SWPC found that the 252 largest corporations did subcontract thirty-four per cent of the value of their prime contracts, but three-quarters of this went to other large corporations. In other words, less than nine per cent of the prime contracts awarded to big business was trickling through to small business in the form of subcontracts.

Corporate Washerwomen

This simply was not enough. With the United States seeking every conceivable method of boosting war production, another government survey the same year showed that one-third of the small plants in the nation could increase production by fifty per cent or more without adding new machinery or construction. At the same time, the large companies were piling up unfilled-order backlogs averaging 11.5 months. "They were merely taking in each other's washing," says Maverick.

Maverick has admitted that some of the biggest backlogs were excusable, since they involved highly complex items. But, he points out, there was no excuse for big companies' having an average backlog of ten months on an item such as metal pails, while small companies had a backlog of only four months.

Authorities agree that there is no feasible method of forcing a large company to subcontract. They also agree that there will be little if any subcontracting under the present mobilization scheme. Even Wilson has admitted that no big manufacturer will subcontract until his own factory is working at capacity. With such giant plants as Glenn L. Martin at Baltimore still operating at only twenty per cent of capacity, the day of subcontracts looks pretty remote.

To a much greater extent than during the Second World War, small manufacturers will have to rely on prime contracts. Large segments of Wilson's testimony before Congressional committees indicate his distrust of the ability of small firms to handle such contracts; but, judging from the experiences of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, this distrust seems to be unfounded. In its three-year history, SWPC distributed nearly sixty thousand prime contracts with a total value of approximately $6 billion to small firms. "The performance of small plants was generally excellent," Maverick says.

Another of Wilson's arguments is that the forced utilization of small plants would slow down the defense

effort. This was not true during the last war, when big companies fell increasingly behind in fulfilling their contracts while small companies remained partly idle. It is extremely doubtful that it would be true today. The present mobilization is no sudden jump from peacetime to all-out wartime production. As now conceived, it is a slowly expanding mechanism, designed to produce war materials with a minimum disturbance to the nation's economy. Such a mechanism allows time to fit the smaller firms into its production scheme, as they must be fitted if there is any hope of a smooth transition.

Contracts and Crumbs

Even when this gradual mobilization reaches its peak, however, there will be, according to Wilson's own estimate, only about one-third as many government contracts as were available in the early years of the Second World War. A majority of manufacturers, large and small alike, will have to maintain their normal peacetime production schedules if they are to stay in business. Thus, barring another world war, the most important function of the proposed Small Defense Plants Corporation would be to help small firms obtain their fair share of whatever raw materials are left over after military and essential civilian needs are met.

Here again, mobilization leaders have refused to distinguish between large and small business. The NPA's Controlled Materials Plan, which went into effect on July 1, has been described as "open-ended" by Administrator Fleischmann. Under it, steel, copper, and aluminum are allocated only for essential production. Residual supplies are not controlled; they are simply left to be scrambled over.

Although Wilson feels this gives everyone an equal chance, the big corporations, with their greater financial resources and their more firmly established trade contacts, will get an extremely large share of these scarce materials.

Generally, Wilson does not seem concerned with such basic small-business problems. He admits it would be "horrible" to lose many small manufacturers now, only to miss them sorely if and when a third world war comes. But he has done little to remove the possibility.

Congress, with admirable restraint, has listened for months to his arguments against a Small Defense Plants Corporation. Now it appears to be through listening.

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Maung Hla's Odyssey

Burma's incredible decade that led from British colonialism to Soviet colonialism to civil war—and finally to freedom

ARTHUR GOODFRIEND

MAUNG HLA was born in 1919 in Bassein, a seaport about ninety miles west of Rangoon, in the rice-growing delta of the Irrawaddy River of Burma. His father prospered in the rice trade with India; Maung Hla and his sisters and brothers never went hungry or lacked schooling. Maung Hla's political education began with his father's tales of the British conquest.

"They came with guns," the old man said, "and all we had was swords. But one day they will go and Burma will belong again to Burmans."

As a child, Maung Hla went to a Buddhist monastery, where he studied the alphabet and prayers, and to the Anglo-vernacular school, where he saluted the portraits of King George and Queen Mary and sang *God Save the King*. The schoolmaster taught, from Harvey's *Outline of Burmese History,* that Burma was to blame for its own downfall and that Burma's kings were despots. But each tenth day of *Tazaungmon,* in November, the teacher and pupils surreptitiously celebrated National Day—"to vow eternal vengeance against our masters until Burma's freedom is regained."

'Let the Blood Flow!'

At fourteen, Maung Hla advanced to the National School, where education was freer from British restraint. Here his heroes were all Burmese: Alaungpaya, the king who had delivered his people from the Talaing invaders; Bayinnaung, the warrior king who had built the Burmese empire; Mahabandoola, the general who had beaten the British at Arakan. He looked more widely at the world around him—the Gymkhana Club, its doors closed to his race, the rice bags borne on the backs of sweating coolies into the holds of British ships. He watched headmen from Yegyi, Kyonpyaw, and Daga squat on the floor of the deputy commissioner's office while the white man sat smoking in his chair. Outside that very office, on National Day, he felt for the first time the blow of a police sergeant's club, as he joined his schoolmates in shouting "Freedom for Burma!" and "Let the blood flow!"

Yet when Maung Hla graduated from high school, his family's highest ambition was that he should obtain one day a *myook*ship in the British civil service—a superclerk's job that would mean prestige and a pension. To that end, his father scraped together nine rupees each month for tuition and thirty-two for board and lodging, and sent the boy to win an arts degree at Rangoon University.

That was in 1936. Germany was rearming against Burma's enemies, the British, and many students dreamed that Burma might some day become the Germany of the East. Fascism fascinated some of the students; others read about Marxism; still others pored over the history of Ireland's Sinn Fein or India's passive resistance.

Thakin

All wanted Burma's independence from the British "master." They took the word "master" and made it their own; they formed an organization, *Thakin*—"master"—for Burma would bow to no one when free.

Maung Hla was drawn to the Thakins like a sliver of steel to a magnet. No sooner had he joined than the first of many explosions occurred. An article in *Oway,* the Students' Union magazine, attacked the university's bursar for unseemly relations with female students. The authorities expelled Thakin Nu, president of the

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Union. The students struck in protest. Schools shut down all over Burma. In Bandoola Square, speakers broadened the issue:

"By what authority has one nation the right to enslave another? Why is one race permitted to rule another? Why do we permit foreigners to drain away our wealth?"

From Bassein came Maung Hla's father to voice keen fears of such activities. In answer, his son led him to a little bookshop in Scott Market. *Nagani,* "The Red Dragon," it was called, and its shelves were filled with volumes the old man had never seen before. "Look, *Ah Phay,* my father," said Maung Hla. "Here is Karl Marx! Lenin!" He thrust into the old man's hand a volume of *Soviet Communism,* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb: "Read this," he said. "It will tell you how others have fought colonialism and won!"

"Be careful, my son," the old man said. "These names and places sound even less like Burma than the British. Be careful lest in dodging the buffalo's hooves you are gored by his horns!"

But to Maung Hla and the Thakin leaders, action was what counted. When workers in the Yenangyaung oil fields went on strike and began a march on Rangoon, two Thakin students went out to lead them into the city. The marchers were stopped and the students arrested. In Rangoon, students surged toward the Secretariat Building shouting "Torch! Torch! Burn! Burn!" and "Sword! Sword! Cut! Cut!"

The police drew their clubs. Soon a student lay dead in the street, eighty more were wounded, and Maung Hla, together with nine other students, was arrested and taken to the Rangoon central jail. During the next eight months, the young prisoners went on with their Marxist education, and observed with interest the progress of what they called, of course, the "imperialist war." Suddenly, in June, 1941, the war became "the people's war against fascist aggression."

Power!

Then Japan struck at Pearl Harbor. Japan was now allied with Russia's enemy. But Japan was also fighting Britain. Britain was Burma's enemy. Maung Hla and his friends had to choose between supporting the "people's war" and striking out for Burmese freedom. Their decision was made easy for them by the return from Tokyo of their Thakin leader, Aung San, at the head of a Japanese-sponsored Burmese Independence Army. Maung Hla enlisted at once. For the first time, Burma felt the thrill of national unity.

Triumph piled on triumph. The British were driven out by combined Japanese and Burmese arms. Under the Japanese, Burma's independence was declared. Aung San became Minister of Defense, Thakin Nu Foreign Minister. Other young men, veterans of the university's Students' Union and anti-British strikes, also stepped into positions of power.

Almost at once these youthful statesmen realized that they were puppets, not free men. Nothing they wanted—whether to build a new road, hold an election, or publish a newspaper—could be done without Japanese consent. Slaps and kicks rained on any Burman who objected. Here were colonialism and imperialism once again; Burmese independence was a sham.

Maung Hla thought he saw the way out. He wore the Japanese uniform of the Burmese Independence Army and in it he drilled all day. But by night he studied Communism in his battalion's secret cell, joining in discussion groups in which the young conspirators proved to each other that only through Communism could Burma become strong and great.

One day late in 1944, Maung Hla's unit was ordered into battle by the Japanese high command. Instead, it disappeared into the hills—to fight the Japanese.

Meanwhile other ardent Thakins fled from Rangoon to India to make contact with the British and Americans. Their purpose was to get the arms and ammunition needed by units like Maung Hla's, and to form an anti-Japanese resistance movement. They succeeded, and the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League that still unites Burma's ruling parties was born in Delhi.

Time for Rejoicing

The Japanese tide ebbed as rapidly as, four years before, it had flowed. The Americans and British who filled Rangoon's streets were comrades in arms rather than masters. And inspired by Aung San, who had matured into a great leader, Burma was full of hope.

That hope was realized on January 4, 1948. The previous year, Aung San had gone to London. For months, negotiations with the British continued. Then Burma was free.

But already there was a new threat. The Communist Party, instead of

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supporting the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, determined to destroy it. The party called for strikes while Aung San worked for reconstruction. The government sought to redistribute land to the peasants in an orderly manner, with proper compensation to the owners, but the Communists insisted on outright seizure. Religion? The fact that most Burmans are Buddhists made no difference to the Communists.

To Aung San and Thakin Nu, a free Burma had been the goal, and Marxism a road to it. Now they were betrayed. Aung San expelled the Communist Party from the A.F.P.F.L.

Revolt

Quickly the Communists struck back. Aung San, they said, had sold out to the British—and then they murdered him.

Maung Hla was desperately confused. In the months following Aung San's death, his unit was mustered by its officers and marched off. He found himself fighting Burmese instead of Japanese, and once again the British.

Every day, except when engaged in battle, the troops were lectured. The old hatred against the British was again fanned into flame. Burma's place, the Communists insisted, lay on the side of Marxist Russia; any other choice meant that Burma would be buried beneath the wreckage of the capitalist world when Britain and America collapsed and Russia emerged triumphant. Maung Hla began to feel that he was being kicked around.

It took a long time for him to learn the truth. Truth came in such piecemeal fashion it wasn't easy to put the pieces together. Upon seizing a village, for instance, the Communists' first step was to redistribute land, with five acres for every farmer, which made everyone except the big landowners happy. It took time to see that there were too many people for the amount of land available, so that entire families had to be displaced from one village to another.

New taxes were levied: fifty per cent of the crop, plus half of all the food in farmers' homes and storehouses—a burden heavier than any man could remember even under the Japs. It took time for the people to realize that the money and grain went not into new mills, roads, schools, or medicines—but directly into the Communist Party's coffers, and it took time for the news to get around that tax money was being spent on fine clothes and liquor for the Communist Party leaders. And then the People's Courts started sentencing their enemies to death—the headmen, the civil servants, the constables, the landowners, anyone who opposed the new régime.

It became a crime to acquire merit by almsgiving, or repairing pagodas. For that matter, the people had no money to spend on religion. The entire population of each village was leveled to a maximum income of twenty rupees a person per month—clerk, artisan, or teacher, no one could have more. Incentive to work vanished, to be replaced by Communist discipline. "Work or starve!" For the first time in any man's memory, Burmans went hungry.

Maung Hla had no choice but to follow orders. Lacking ammunition, his unit avoided battle while the government forces fought other rebels—

tricked by Communist agents into engagements which the Communists themselves refused. When one side or the other retreated, the Communists slipped in and scavenged the arms and property of the dead. "Let Burmans kill Burmans," the political officer said.

Meanwhile, in Rangoon, the government, too, was fitting together the picture puzzle of experience. Thakin Nu, the Prime Minister, was, of course, charged by the Communists with deserting the Left, but in June, 1948, before a huge audience, he made his loyalty to the ideals of Karl Marx clear, and reiterated that his Government sought a political and economic relationship with Soviet Russia.

Deserters and prisoners from the field of battle brought the Communist answer. Their officers, they said, were not Burmans but Communists. Their political officers taught them to love Russia and Red China, not Burma.

Message to Moscow

Still the government refused to believe the evidence. It sent an urgent message to Moscow: "Let us exchange ambassadors, so that a friendly flow of ideas and trade may be encouraged, instead of suspicion and revolution." But Moscow replied: "We see no reason for exchanging ambassadors."

Thakin Nu and Burma swallowed their pride. Special emissaries flew to Britain, France, Italy, and the United States, where they were received with honor. But Russia refused to permit a Burman to pass the Russian frontier. Finally, one Burmese representative was allowed to go to Poland. A Russian Army officer dogged his footsteps. When the Burman sought to see those fruits of Communism that were not features of the official tour, his welcome ended in abuse: "If you are looking for poverty and prostitution in a Soviet land," the Russian shouted, "it is useless! Go to America or England. Here all the filth of capitalist serfdom has been cleansed!" Back in Rangoon, the eyes of Burma's leaders opened a little wider.

But they still remembered the books in the Red Dragon Bookshop that had given them their first hopes, and they persisted in their gestures of friendship. When the Chinese Communists established their government in Peking, the Burmese thought that they were at last on the threshold of friendship with a Communist country. But on the day of the Chinese Ambassador's arrival this illusion was shattered. The flags of Burma were drowned in a sea of Communist banners, and it seemed as if Rangoon belonged to the local Chinese. The nature of the mission was evident: It had come to Rangoon not to forge bonds of friendship between China and Burma but to foment revolution among Burma's Chinese.

From Peking came broadcasts, too, in Burmese—the words and voice of Bo Aung Gyi, a Burmese Communist

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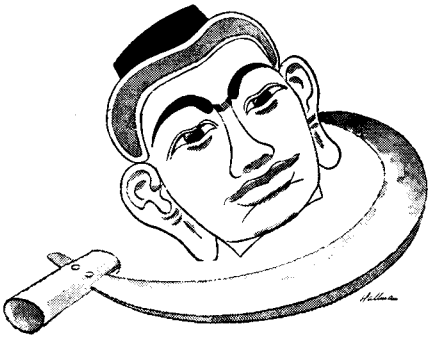
leader. Into Burma's Chinese schools came Peking's textbooks, referring to Burma as a semi-colonial land, with maps showing parts of Burma within China's frontiers. And from Burma's borders came word of Burmese rebels studying guerrilla tactics on Chinese soil under Communist officers.

The Final Resolution

Sometimes confusion and doubt are dispelled all of a sudden by one simple incident. Maung Hla perceived the truth one day when he and his unit were marched into a school to listen mutely to still another Marxist lecture. On the wall over the platform hung two huge pictures, one of Stalin, the other of Mao. Suddenly Maung Hla saw again the King George and Queen Mary of his childhood classroom. He saw that colonialist imperialism had



been replaced by Communist imperialism. Burma had escaped from one only to fall to the other. He listened to the lecturer: "Aung San," he was saying contemptuously, "the *Bogyoke*, the great leader! He was nothing but a traitor and a fool who wouldn't listen to Stalin—who deserted international Communism once Burma was free!"

That ended Maung Hla's subservience to Communism, and just as new and clear resolution came to him, so also were truth and courage born in the hearts of Thakin Nu and the rest of Burma's leaders. To the people, the leaders, and the army, the realization and the resolutions came and grew in strength. Within one year, the new spirit made itself felt on the battlefield. Soldiers fought as never before. Rivers and roads long in Communist hands were cleared. In the villages, men and women celebrated their long-awaited freedom.

Experienced Teacher

Maung Hla now is free under the government's amnesty and teaches school in Bassein. Never, he hopes, will Burma—and Asia—reject one imperialism only to fall victim to another incomparably worse.

Journey in Macedonia

A correspondent watches the daily workings of our Yugoslavian food-distribution program

ALLAN C. BUTLER

WITHIN THE PAST six weeks, the United States interim-aid program, through which over half a million tons of foodstuffs were distributed to avert famine in Yugoslavia during the past winter and spring, has been concluded. Shortly before it was wound up, I thought it would be interesting to watch the program in action at the local level through the eyes of one of the ECA men charged with seeing that the proper amounts of aid reached the proper localities. When I telephoned George Trett, the ECA field observer in Skoplje, the capital of Yugoslav Macedonia, he told me he was about to start on a trip to Bitolj, a town on the Greek border, but would be glad to have me come along if I could catch the night train from Belgrade.

Like all Yugoslav trains, this one was packed with people who had descended upon it in locust fashion while it was still backing into the station. One old woman, who failed to reach the step of a moving car and fell between the wheels, was saved by a quick-witted soldier. A man stood next to me with his left elbow in my stomach for most of the trip. In spite of the hardship, my ticket for the two-hundred-mile journey cost me one-fifth of a high government official's monthly salary.

In Skoplje, Trett, a tall man in his early fifties with a bronzed complexion, met me at the train and led me to a jeep with USA lettered on its sides. As I got into the jeep, Trett introduced a man in a British Army beret as Dennis Cross, the British consul in Skoplje, who would travel with us and act as interpreter.

Trett, who had been with the ECA in Greece, told me that the poverty in Macedonia was the worst he had ever seen. He also explained to me that we were particularly fortunate to have Cross, who spoke Serbian quite well, traveling with us; this meant that there would be no censorship between us and the Macedonians—except, he joked, that of the British Foreign Office.

At the edge of the city a blue-uniformed police officer stopped us, as he did every vehicle, cart, wagon, or person that entered or left the city, and

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took our license number and names. Outside Skoplje, the road, which was a new cement one, was crowded with carts and burros bringing peasant wares to market, and with herds of sheep, swine, and cattle being driven to the city for slaughter. All the animals were almost too thin to make slaughter worthwhile, and among the cattle were heifers and cows. On the hundred miles of main highway to Bitolj we encountered a total of six other motor vehicles. The cement surface soon changed to one of crushed rocks and dirt, and periodically we passed men squatting by piles of rocks wielding small hammers.

The Pacified Police Chief

I asked Trett how well U.S. aid had been advertised in the rural parts of Macedonia. He seemed to think that the officials had done a good job on that score; among the hundreds of people he had met, only three did not know about the program.

Our first stop was the town of Tito-Veles. "I'm stopping here to stick my chin out," Trett said, as he parked the jeep next to a restaurant. "The last time we stopped the police gave us a great deal of trouble and made us move on. I mentioned it to the authorities in Skoplje; we have the right to go almost anywhere under the agreement. Let's see what happens." We went into the restaurant, the only one the government had opened in the town, and had some Turkish coffee. As we were getting back into the jeep, the town's chief of police walked by, elaborately ignoring us.

"Someone has told him to pull in his horns," said Trett as we drove off.

Next we stopped in the small, drab tobacco town of Prelip to talk to local officials. Cross informed the town president's secretary that Mr. Trett of the American food mission wished to see him, and we were ushered into an office where the president, a poorly dressed and ill-shaven man of about thirty-five, was holding a conference at a small desk, behind which were pictures of Tito and of a man whom Cross could identify only as the President of the Macedonian Republic. All the men huddled about the desk told Cross they had heard of the food program, and they seemed pleased to see us.

The president said that he knew little about actual supplies on hand, but that he would call in the town's trade officer, who knew all about the food situation.

Marshal Tito

We followed the squat little trade man down the street to his office after saying good-by to the president and his friends. The official offered us chairs and then sat down beneath pictures of Marshal Tito and the President of the Macedonian Republic. He confessed that he did not really have all the food figures at his fingertips, and picked up a telephone and asked one of his assistants to come around and talk to us.

While we were waiting, Trett struck up a conversation via Cross. The population figure for the town, Trett said, appeared to be far larger than the number of ration cards that had been issued. This, the trade man explained, was due to the fact that most tobacco farmers did not receive rations as they could sell their tobacco for food—trading with other collective farms, if they were members of such an organization, with other towns, or on the legal, government-run free market, where there is no rationing but where prices are extremely high.

In the middle of the conversation there was a sharp knock on the door of the office, and a tall, wild-eyed farmer with a great white mustache strode into the room. In one hand he clutched his large, gray sheepskin hat, and in

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the other he held an official-looking piece of paper.

"Where is the milk?" he demanded of the bureaucrat, who looked embarrassed by this turn of events. Cross told us he had difficulty following the rest of the conversation, but it was obvious that the man had asked for milk for some member of his family with no results. The official drew himself up stiffly and pointed out that he was busy and that the petition was still being considered. The farmer gave the Communist a look that would have killed an ox, swore under his breath, wheeled, and walked out.

When we could wait no longer for the trade official's assistant to appear, we finally had to bid him good-by. He apologized and Trett assured him that he and Cross would be back.

Beyond Prelip we stopped for lunch by a rocky hillside where a shepherd and his son were watching a grazing flock of about a hundred sheep. When we had finished eating there was still some meat left in one of our cans, and Cross started up the hill to give it to the two. The shepherd and Cross met just above the road.

"How's life?" asked the Englishman. *"Dobra,"* replied the shepherd, which means "good." Cross gave him a cigarette, and after the Macedonian had learned that we were not Titoist officials, it turned out that things were not so good. In his village, he told us, there had been two thousand sheep before collectivization; now there were a thousand and no one was working. He complained that the eleven people in his family received only thirty-six pounds of flour a month.

As the jeep was warming up, he apparently thought of something else, and walked back toward us. As Trett started to drive off he said: "This collectivization is for the dogs. The land is good, but they are choking it."

More Languages, Less Land

Near Bitolj, the end of our journey, we stopped and talked to two men in a cart drawn by a diminutive burro. The younger said that life was better than it had been before the war in that the Macedonians and the Shiptars now had their own languages and schools and newspapers. During the monarchy there was only one language, Serbian. The elder of the two said he had owned a ten-acre farm, but had been forced to sell seven acres to the collective farm in his village. Now he couldn't live off the three acres and the government gave him no rations. In the back of the cart was a rug he was going to sell in Bitolj so that he could buy food in the free market.

"One sells his land last," he said.

In Bitolj the president of the city was a square-faced twenty-seven-year-old ex-partisan with a golden-toothed smile. He greeted us warmly and gave us cherry brandy and candy.

Bitolj, he told us, had received little U.S. flour up to that time, but some beans, eggs, and lard. Their flour came from Yugoslavian emergency stores. The reason for this, he explained, was that until trains could come up from the Greek port of Salonika, there was little hope of Macedonia's getting large quantities of U.S. supplies, since the rail lines to the north were too crowded. (Five days later the first train bearing American relief supplies from Salonika passed over the Greek-Yugoslav frontier.)

The city's trade officer, a tall bushy-haired young man of about twenty-five, came into the room, and Trett checked his figures on supplies that should have been received against the younger man's figures. Apart from the one for flour, the figures jibed. We all shook hands and we went off to our last interview, with the president of the outlying districts of the city, a political unit called a *srez*.

The president of the *srez* was not in the new and quite obviously hastily

built stucco house that contained both offices and living quarters. However, the vice-president was there. We entered a long room, absolutely bare except for a large and impressive desk at the far end and a sofa and a few chairs along one wall. Behind the desk, beneath pictures of Tito and the President of the Macedonian Republic, stood the vice-president, a man of about twenty-two with a smooth baby face and vacant eyes.

He shook hands and, motioning to the chairs, sat down on the sofa, pulling his knees up under his chin and hugging them to him in childish fashion. Cross asked him how many ration cards had been issued among his people and he answered four thousand. This apparently left about fifty-six thousand people in the *srez* who were getting no food from the government.

'. . . No Trouble This Year'

Trett argued that surely if there was enough food for fifty-six thousand people, they could spread it a little farther and make it do for sixty thousand. The vice-president was visibly shaken by this suggestion. The four thousand who were being helped, he said, were all workers in Bitolj. The others, we gathered, were collective farmers who didn't need help. Finally, under Trett's questioning, the youth admitted that there were also hungry people on the farms who were receiving food.

"Where did the food come from?" Trett asked.

The young man said he had some, not from America, that had been given to the *srez* for that purpose. Trett made it clear that he might be able to get more for the *srez* if there was not enough. The official hesitated for a moment, and then said no, his *srez* would have enough.

Firmly he pointed out that this particular *srez* was now ninety per cent collectivized, and that the sowing was to be done three weeks earlier this year to take advantage of the spring rains.

"There will be no trouble this year," he said with almost religious conviction. We rose and said good-by.

"They are all young because the officials must be Communists and the Communists are only the young," said Trett, as he drove me to the station, where I was to catch a train back to Belgrade. "And they try hard—very hard. They are smart and they have common sense. I feel they have done a good job on this program. But when one is the president of a city like this at twenty-seven, after being in the partisans for five years, there has been little time for education."

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Explosive Issue in the U.S.S.R.

For Soviet farmers, the new super-collectivization drive means more discontent, more surveillance, even less freedom

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

FOR A YEAR the Soviet countryside has been in the throes of an upheaval affecting the lives of a hundred million people. In the spring of 1950 the government decreed a merger of farms throughout the Soviet Union. This has been the most sweeping change imposed upon the rural population since the collectivization of the early 1930's.

The scale of this supplementary collectivization, as the measure should properly be called, became clear when it was announced that the number of the collective farms, or *kolkhozes,* would be cut by at least one-half, with the 250,000 farming units in existence at the beginning of 1950 reduced by fusion to about 110,000. A few months after the merger had begun it was reported from Byelorussia and parts of central Russia, where collective farms had been smaller than elsewhere, that the fusion had already cut their number roughly to one-third. Early this year the Minister of Agriculture, in an interim report, wrote that only a little more than 120,000 *kolkhozes* were left in the whole of the U.S.S.R. As the drive then had a few months to run, by now it may be expected that, as usual, zealous officials have "overfulfilled the plan." Normally, farms of less than a thousand acres and fewer than a hundred working members are classed as undersized. The new *kolkhozes* probably average about 2,500 acres.

Much of the tradition of the old individualistic village that had so far survived among the collective farmers is thus being weakened or destroyed. The collective farm, as it was formed amid blood and tears two decades ago, was fitted in one way or another into the framework of the old rural community. In most cases the peasants of one village formed one *kolkhoz.* The size

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Ready for mechanization

of the productive unit depended on the size of the rural community. Thus what has now been merged is not merely farms but entire communities.

Memories of the Muzhik

No section of humanity has undergone as many and as convulsive upheavals as those which have taken place in rural Russia since the beginning of this century. Fifty years ago the *muzhik* still remembered serfdom: Either he himself or his father had been emancipated from it. The hangover from serfdom was heavy; the conditions of emancipation had been designed to keep the peasant dependent on the landlord. Apart from this, the primordial rural commune (*obschina*), although disintegrating, had not yet faded out of existence. The peasants' holdings still belonged to the commune.

In 1907, the rural communes were suddenly dissolved by decree. The Czar's government made a belated attempt to stimulate the growth of a class of wealthy individual farmers who, it hoped, would be conservative enough to prop up the régime. But the disbanding of the communes plunged the countryside even deeper into misery and chaos.

Ten years later, in 1917, the *muzhik* was killing or expelling the landlord, burning his mansion, and grabbing his land. This rebellion in the countryside formed the background to the Bolshevik Revolution in the towns. Then for three years Red and White armies were locked in battle across rural Russia, and Green detachments of anarchist peasants tried in vain to hold their ground against both. The Bolsheviks kept the countryside under the harsh régime of wartime, ruthlessly requisitioned the *muzhik's* bread and meat, and thus drove him to despair and new rebellion.

In 1921 Lenin proclaimed the New Economic Policy (NEP), which was to give the countryside a respite, relieve it from requisitions, and accord some scope to the peasant's individualism. The beginning of this period was marked by a calamitous drought, famine, and cannibalism on the Volga. With amazing resilience rural Russia recovered and healed its wounds in the next few years. But the respite of NEP did not outlast the decade. In 1929 came the cataclysm of collectivization, bringing famine, violence, bloodshed, and the subsequent transformation of the whole outlook of the country.

Collectivization had hardly been completed when in 1934 the Politburo made a concession to the peasant's craving for property. The member of

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Seedlings and forest belts in the 'Stalin Plan for Changing Nature'

the *kolkhoz* was allowed to own a small plot of land and a few cattle. Besides his *kolkhoz*, he could till his tiny plot and sell its produce—an uneasy balance between collectivism and individualism.

To this record of upheaval must be added the unsettlement caused by the Second World War, with its profuse bloodshed, destruction of material values, and chaos and famine. And now once again rural Russia is in a turmoil.

Why More Collectivization?

To some extent the *kolkhozes*, such as they have been hitherto, have disappointed the Politburo. True enough, Soviet farming after it had recovered from the shock of collectivization had been yielding somewhat higher crops than before; and it had been doing this with a smaller number of people working in the fields. But the improvement in crops had not kept pace with the country's needs, with the tempo of its industrialization and urbanization, and had been out of proportion to the massive mechanization of farming and the extensive use of fertilizers and modern technology.

Reluctant to look for the actual reasons for the farmer's unproductivity in its own policy, the Politburo reached the conclusion that the average farming unit was too small for the benefits of mechanization to show themselves in larger crops. It is true, of course, that up to a point the bigger the farm unit, the more the productivity of the tractor and the heavy harvester-combine will show up. Whether the difference is important enough to justify the present reform, however, is a moot point.

Another even more urgent motive for the "reform" has been the government's anxiety to set free new reserves of manpower for industry. Today the countryside has to feed ever more mouths in the towns; it also has to supply the towns with ever more hands. The planned and systematic transfer of the "surplus" farming population to mines and factories has been the mainspring of Soviet industrialization. Fusion and further collectivization should soon release three or four million workers from the fields.

By simplifying the administration of the rural economy, the fusion is also expected to reduce the enormous *kolkhoz* bureaucracy, which has so far made up more than a quarter of the manpower engaged in collective farming. The present drive appears thus to be a precondition for continued rapid urbanization of the U.S.S.R.

The enlargement of the farming units promises also to yield political and fiscal conveniences. It will result in a higher control of rural life by the party. Hitherto the network of party cells has not been so dense as to cover every village; in many *kolkhozes* not even a single member of the party could be found. The reform automatically assigns to every party cell the command over a greater mass of peasants.

The larger productive units will also find it more difficult to dodge fiscal demands. The government has been extracting, either through taxation in kind or through purchase at a nominal price, at least forty per cent of the crops, which it diverts to urban consumption. But every year the so-called deliveries of grain and meat by the *kolkhozes* have demanded an intense and ruthless administrative drive, the successive phases and results of which have been reported, like the progress of a military campaign, in the national press. With the further swelling of the industrial population the government will have to lay hands on even more farm produce. The fewer the units, the easier its job will be.

Frontal Attack?

It is not only a huge section of the Soviet economy that has been thrown into the melting pot. The reform may touch the whole mode of life of the countryside. On this score there has been some hesitation, and perhaps also a division, within the Politburo. The question that has not yet been quite settled is whether the attack should be carried out by indirect approach or whether it should develop into a frontal assault. Should only the farms be merged or should an attempt now be made to wrest from the *kolkhoznik* the small plot and the cattle he has been allowed to possess under the statutes of 1934? This is the most explosive domestic issue the Politburo has had to face since the war.

Early this year, Khrushchev, member of the Politburo, former Premier of the Ukraine, and present boss of the party in Moscow, publicly advocated the frontal attack. In a speech on the progress of the reform in Moscow Province he said that the merger of the *kolkhozes* should be accompanied by a resettlement of the rural population.

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Use of terrain: the broad plains for wheat, the mountains for herds

In the center of the enlarged farms there should be built up Agro-towns, or special settlements, to which the farmers would be shifted from their present houses and huts. This, he intimated, would be the occasion for the *kolkhoz* to take possession of the privately owned plots of land which usually adjoin the farmer's dwelling. The *kolkhoznik* would get no more than a tiny back-yard garden in the new settlement. Similar ideas were put forward by other party dignitaries, including the present leader of the party in the Ukraine.

There seems to be little immediate reality in these blueprints of Agro-towns. How can a country which has so far been unable to improve abominable housing conditions in the overcrowded towns and has still to cope with the ruins of the war suddenly embark upon a staggering program of building new settlements for scores of millions of people? Where would the building materials and the labor come from? It is planned that every enlarged *kolkhoz* shall set up its own small brick-and-tile factory. But this would divert materials from more essential jobs and at best would take years to accomplish.

At this point domestic and foreign policies closely interlock. In a less tense international situation the government might vigorously press its scheme for Agro-towns. But in the present armament race it must shelve the plan. It cannot afford to spare resources and antagonize the peasants on what may be the eve of war.

How is the countryside likely to be receiving this reform? Even the few and reticent Soviet reports do not speak of any great enthusiasm. The bulk of the farming population has probably submitted to the upheaval with reluctance. The mere merger of the farms probably has not met with active resistance. Much as the peasant may dislike it, it matters little to him, at least immediately, whether the fields he tills, which are not his anyway, belong to a smaller or to a larger *kolkhoz*. He is not likely to stick out his neck over this since he already knows far too well the tragic consequences of resistance.

That the talk about Agro-towns and the abolition of the private plots threatened trouble is clear from the fact that since Khrushchev's speech the Politburo has quietly retreated. It has declared through *Pravda* that what Khrushchev said on the Agro-towns was merely his private opinion. As it is most unusual for a member of the Politburo to express publicly any private views, especially on so delicate a subject, the Politburo must have used Khrushchev to fly a kite, and, having found out that the flight was too risky, it must have decided to postpone it. And so for the time being the Agro-town remains a vision of the future, of which there has been a rather abundant crop in this period of the "beginning of the transition from socialism to a higher stage of Communism."

Soviet Californias

One major purpose of Soviet agricultural policy is to raise the output of food; another is to bring food production nearer the new industrial centers in the eastern provinces. If in the whole of the U.S.S.R. farming has been lagging behind industry, the lag has been worst beyond the Volga, in the Urals, in Siberia, and in central Asia, in the sparsely populated provinces with a severe climate and with vast tracts of drought-stricken land and desert.

Soviet planners see in those lands the future Californias of the U.S.S.R. About three years ago, they launched the so-called Stalin Plan for Changing Nature. Under this grandiose title they presented a fifteen-year scheme, repeatedly modified since, for forestation and for the building of canals, water reservoirs, and so on. Recently, new and ambitious irrigation plans have been publicized. These envisage the reclamation in the near future of 55 (or of 65, according to some sources) million acres, "an area nine times as large as the Nile Valley and three times as large as the total irrigated land in the United States."

How much of that scheme is window dressing and how much is a practical project only time will show. These plans are certainly more realistic than are the schemes for Agro-towns. The labor needed to carry them into effect will in part be drawn from the collective farms, which themselves have to build the canals and to plant the forests on their own and on adjacent land. In part the labor will undoubtedly be supplied from concentration camps. It is not likely that other than forced labor will be used, for instance, in the building of the projected canal seven hundred miles long through the Kara Kum Desert in central Asia. Perhaps

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one day this desert will be made into another Garden of Semiramis; but how many victims will it claim before it is so transformed?

Electrifying Schemes

Connected largely with these projects is the building of a series of great hydroelectric stations to be completed in 1956. Two stations are to be set up on the Volga, one at Kuibyshev, the other at Stalingrad, each producing 10 billion kilowatt-hours per year, part of which is to be used for operating irrigation projects. Of the smaller projects, the Kakhovka plant on the Dnieper will serve the irrigation works in the southern Ukraine and in the northern Crimea, while three hydroelectric stations will supply power to the Kara Kum Desert and other Turkmenian lands.

Great emphasis is indeed placed on the speeding up of the general electrification of the rural economy. One motive behind this is the need to save oil. Mechanized farming uses up so much of the Soviet Union's limited output of gasoline that the *kolkhoz* competes for supplies with the armed services. The government therefore aims at the replacement of the gasoline-driven by the electrically driven tractor; and it hopes that by the end of the now-opening Five Year period more than a quarter of the tractors employed will have switched over to electricity.

These are all impressive schemes. But nobody openly asks who is going to settle on the irrigated, reclaimed, and electrified land. Here is another problem of agricultural resettlement perhaps more dramatic than that raised by the talk about Agro-towns. In the case of the Agro-towns the peasant family would be able to settle in the vicinity of its old home. But in order to populate the newly irrigated lands, farmers would have to shift to places hundreds or probably thousands of miles away.

If precedent offers any guide, the movements will be largely compulsory. The only other precedent is the more or less voluntary eastward migration of vast multitudes during the last war. Many of the people who fled before the advancing German armies have stayed east of the Urals and thereby helped to solve in part the problem of manpower in the newly developed areas. It is very likely that the government is planning another large-scale eastward migration in the event of a new war. The new agricultural bases in central Asia, that part of the Soviet Union which is strategically best sheltered, would then serve a vital purpose. But the migratory movement of the last war involved mainly industrial workers rather than farmers, who even under the collective system remain more attached to their homeland and less mobile. So the question remains, Who will settle in the new agricultural areas? This human factor is never mentioned in all the grandiose and in many respects truly imaginative development plans.

'Face' and Fatalism

A former U.S. liaison officer recalls his experience with the armies of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek

JAMES COLWELL

WHEN Major General David G. Barr appeared on the witness stand in Washington, even the New York *Times* had begun to lose interest in the MacArthur inquiry. It was therefore a little difficult to get a very complete account of General Barr's remarks, but they were of special interest to me because they dealt with the question of whether the United States had let Chiang Kai-shek down in his war with the Chinese Communists. Barr, whose most recent service has been as a ground-force combat commander in Korea, was in charge of the U.S. aid mission to China in 1948. His statement that the Nationalists lost "principally because of the lack of offensive spirit" called to mind my own service with Chiang's troops when they were fighting first the Japanese and later the Communists.

Before V-J Day, along with a sizable number of other officers, I was attached to the Chinese Nationalist armies at the regimental or battalion level. We were often quartered in Chinese villages; we dealt intimately and almost exclusively with the Chinese officers and men who did the actual fighting. After the war, when the United States was trying to arrange an armistice, many of us, myself included, lived with both Kuomintang and Communist Armies.

Our job was more than merely to observe: We were there to see to it that the Chinese would fight the Japanese. Below us there was no American chain of command, but there was no doubt that we were accountable to our own higher headquarters for the military performances of the Chinese units.

While the war against Japan went on, I had little to do with Chinese

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officers above the grade of lieutenant colonel. It was my responsibility, however, to see that officers and N.C.O.s down to corporals knew and did their jobs. After the war my assignment was to see that Chinese generals did, if not their jobs, at least what they had promised to do.

I would say that Chiang's worst lack was not matériel or a potentially able rank and file, but leaders. By leaders I do not mean men who could exact obedience in the narrowest sense, but men who knew and were basically serious about their jobs. Often leadership amounted to little more than conspicuous leisure. In Chiang's army the head of any unit was *ipso facto* a person who had others do his work for him.

The Faulty Fieldpiece

There was, for example, the chief of a howitzer section whose cannoneers had difficulty in loading a round; it stuck in the breech so that the end protruded. Two blows on the fuze end of the shell by the chief with a heavy steel handspike solved not only the problem of the stuck round but all the future problems of the gun crew. At another extreme there was a commander of an artillery battalion to which I was at one time attached. On one occasion the entire battalion was immobilized because the commander had personally supervised draining all the gasoline from his trucks and selling it in the black market of Kunming.

In our own armed forces, you sometimes run into ignorant and even corrupt officers. But we have methods of detecting and eliminating them; as far as I could see, the Nationalists had none. Not that their system was expressly *designed* to produce poor leaders; it was simply that by its very nature the chances of producing efficient ones were slim. I have been asked what essential improvement accounts for the present military prowess of the Chinese Communists. To my mind the answer can lie only in better leadership.

I can well remember the morning that I first reported for duty at a battalion headquarters in a two-story farmhouse. The battalion was in training and the batteries had turned out already, but my interpreter and I found the commander upstairs in his bedroom chatting and drinking tea with his vice-commander. Fresh tea

Harris & Ewing

Major General David G. Barr

was poured for me and my interpreter. The battalion commander, a major, made a little speech. I made a little speech about Chinese-American friendship. After two hours and a gallon or so of tea, I had learned that the major was a graduate of Whampoa, the Chinese West Point, that rations were short, and that the major and his officers wished that they could get to Kunming more often. I finally had to broach the matter of training. The major was courteous but vague and uninterested. He accompanied me on a tour of his area. On my first day as a liaison officer I felt that I should not point out the many errors in training that we saw; the major did not point them out either.

It would not have been fair to judge any man on one morning's performance, but I soon found that every morning would have been the same, had I not hinted that my tea drinking had to be confined to evening hours. I learned that it did no good to tell the major of deficiencies in his battalion; he would do nothing about them.

Chinese officers down to company commanders usually felt that one of the perquisites of their rank was the privilege of absenting themselves from either training or battle. Others apparently remained only as a gesture of courtesy to the Americans. Smiling and mute, they would abstractedly survey the labor of their men. It was considered bad form indeed for an American liaison officer to insist that a Chinese commander demonstrate his military ability before his troops.

I soon discovered that even though the major would admit that some of my criticisms of his captains were justified, he would never pass them on. The reason was "face."

This ancient Chinese institution often resulted in the most extreme military grotesqueries. To correct a subordinate was to make him lose face, so many superior officers stood by only as interested spectators of comic-opera antics. I have seen artillery pieces placed so that they would fire only at the troops they were supposed to support, and machine guns positioned in gullies or behind rocks so that the enemy could not be fired on until he had approached within hand-grenade range.

The Riddle of the Radio

Once, in a battalion area, I saw the dismembered remains of a brand-new American field radio—a rare article in China. A soldier had dissected it thoroughly down to splitting, with a cold chisel, the pieces he couldn't otherwise take apart. An American communica-

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tions officer who was present listened to a succession of increasingly improbable tales from the soldier and then gave up all thought of getting the true explanation, which was undoubtedly that the soldier was curious about the apparatus's innards.

In other ways, the soldiers sometimes showed too much initiative. After the war, a Nationalist *p'u ping*—infantryman—taught me the unwisdom of ever turning my back on a Chinese sentry. His motives were as inexplicable as those of the would-be radio mechanic.

It happened on one of the many occasions when we had to cross from Communist to Central Government territory. Although the outposts on either side usually bristled with arms, nearly all of our crossings were made without incident. If we drove, it was at the speed of a very slow triumphal procession. Every member of my small entourage—including both Nationalist and Communist officers—was wreathed in smiles, and our hands were kept —not too casually—in full sight of the sentries. Once we were within the lines, we relaxed.

That was what nearly proved our undoing. One day, traveling through Communist territory in which there were numerous Nationalist-held islands, we crossed and recrossed the lines a number of times. Shortly after noon we crossed a long, narrow causeway into Nationalist territory.

Back a short distance, but hardly protected from Communist fire, stood a lone sentry. We stopped, got out, and came up to him. Everything seemed in order; the sentry was a typical Kuomintang "dogface"—wrap leggings, straw sandals, shapeless near-khaki uniform. He must have been fifteen or sixteen, barely taller than the tarnished bayonet of his rifle.

No sooner were we back in the jeep when we heard behind us the unmistakable, authoritative clack of a round being thrown into the chamber of a bolt-action rifle. We turned quickly, but not before we heard the equally unmistakable—and ordinarily disappointing—snap of a broken firing pin. There stood the sentry, rifle at shoulder. From the standpoint of sound marksmanship his position was deplorable, but his intent was clear. We dismounted and ran up to him.

He made no trouble at all, lowering his weapon readily and taking all of us in with a wide, ingenuous grin. We never learned what had troubled him, and we drove away a second time without mishap. Through my interpreter I gathered that we all thought it was a fine joke.

This trigger-happy sentry illustrated two of the great deficiencies in the Nationalist Army. He knew neither his mission nor his weapon. Nobody had

Chiang Kai-shek

bothered to teach him. It was obvious that the Nationalists had the same contempt for their own enlisted ranks as for the Communists.

In the Nationalist Army that I saw, a soldier was entitled only to the minimum required to keep him alive. Punishment was nearly always corporal, and often summary in the most extreme sense of the word. It was not an atmosphere in which a soldier learned much about his mission beyond the fact that he was to march or halt, shoot or hold fire. He was ruled by fear, and when he had a chance he ruled the same way.

Fazed Fatalists

The quality of fatalism has been widely attributed to the Chinese fighting in Korea—perhaps rightly. But if fatalism means a resignation to the future, whatever it may bring, I cannot say I saw much of it in Chinese officers and men—Communist or Nationalist. About things that had already happened the Nationalists were extremely fatalistic. If a truck ground to a halt because the wheel bearings had not been packed—*mi yu fa tze*—"it can't be helped." If a man's rifle wouldn't fire because no one had inspected it and seen the broken firing pin—*mi yu pan fa*—"nothing can be done." To have suggested otherwise was to accuse someone of a mistake.

This type of fatalism rarely resulted in a calculated disregard of danger. In fact, some Kuomintang veterans led me to believe that under fire their pride was exceeded by their prudence. In one case the fire was our own, and the incident was a routine part of training. After many false starts, we had decided that my Chinese field-artillery battalion was ready for overhead fire. That meant that we shot our own howitzers over the observation posts from which we were directing fire—in the American artillery a routine practice.

Finally we got in position and the commands for the first round went down. With me were several Chinese officers who said they had been under fire for many years. The telephone operator reported the round fired. Almost at once, and seemingly overhead, came the familiar rushing noise of a shell headed toward the target area. We had been standing almost shoulder to shoulder behind a waist-high bank cut out by a road, but I had a sudden feeling that I was alone. Everybody on either side had hit the dirt, leaving me, field glasses half raised, waiting for the round to hit.

We got things straightened out all right. Through my interpreter, who had fallen at my feet, I explained that the round had passed us far off on the flank and high above. In order to save their faces, I explained that only a slight deafness, unquestionably caused by the altitude—6,500 feet—had prevented me from hearing the round as soon as the rest and taking appropriate action. However, I reassured my fellow fatalists that there was no conceivable danger.

But on Round 2 we did no better. Amid a chorus of *"ma la ka p'i,"* the only Chinese obscenity I ever heard, all present except the deaf foreigner again took cover. I urged Mr. Wei, my interpreter, to stay upright as an example to

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his countrymen. I emphasized that there was no one less likely to be nailed by his own guns than myself. Finally, because he had so often told me how much better educated he was than the Chinese military, I urged him not to join them in the prone position and in uttering an obscenity that, by his own admission, was so utterly degrading he could not translate it for me.

Firing data for the third round went down. As soon as the telephone operator started to speak, the familiar rushing was heard. Simultaneously the air was filled with *ma la ka's* and the ground covered with prone forms. Sternly I turned to Mr. Wei, whose knees were beginning to loosen. I continued to look him in the eye as he sank to the ground. Apparently my disappointment had *some* effect on him, because, instead of uttering the same obscenity for a third time, he exclaimed, "Ooooh gahdamn!"

'Escaping' Recruits

A Chinese proverb runs something like this: "Just as you do not use good iron to make nails so you do not use good men to make soldiers." Not until late 1944, when China had been struggling for its life for thirteen years, did the Central Government of China decree that university students would be required to serve with the Chinese forces. Even then they were treated with the greatest tenderness. They were made interpreters, quartered apart from their own troops whenever possible, permitted to wear civilian clothes, and often commissioned directly as captains and majors.

I saw the combat formations of the Nationalist Army continue to get along with the same "poor iron." Chiang's decision as to what should be done with the university students is particularly significant if we contrast the position of a Chinese college student to that of an American student. In China the educated classes, including high-school graduates, form a very, very thin crust indeed on the great uneducated mass. There is between the strata of Chinese society no gradual transition from the highly educated surface to the illiterate depths. The only hope of compensating for the educational shortcomings of the rank and file of Chiang's armies lay in officering them with the best China had to offer. Instead Chiang relied on Kuomintang stalwarts for most of his top command and left to them the choice of junior officers. A great deal of emphasis is being put now on the high quality and selfless devotion of the "enlisted" components of Chiang's present armies. I can remember very few volunteers among the forces who fought for the Central Government in the last war, and most "enlistment" drives bore strong resemblances to cattle drives.

Even a "recruit" of several months' standing was not permitted to leave his compound alone unless accompanied by a reliable "buddy." On one occasion a battalion I was with had to post sentries on Cossack post—two men at each location. An American noncom was in charge of posting. Since there were more points to be covered than there were pairs of men, he split up several pairs. The battalion commander came to me very much alarmed. He told me that one man of each pair had a dual function: He was supposed not only to act as sentry, but also to watch his companion. It may have been no more than the result of a paucity of words in Chinese, but the interpreter and

others always translated the Chinese word for "desert" as "escape."

In the Chinese Nationalist Army both money and food were distributed by a process best described as the "filter system." The army commander was allocated a certain amount of each; he kept what he chose and distributed the rest to division commanders. So it went, down the echelons. Sometimes troops did not eat for five days, even in garrison. I was shown the ration that did arrive at one post after a long fast. It was in the form of dried peas; one "pea" in twenty was a stone.

In Shantung in the spring of 1946 I visited a Nationalist-held town beleaguered by the Communists. The armistice was then effective and there were no active operations, but the Nationalist commander would not let farmers come through the gates or his people leave to get food. He told me that the Communists had a tank that would drive in and devastate the town if the gates were opened even for a few minutes. I suggested he dig an anti-tank ditch about ten feet deep in front of each gate. Previously I had pointed out that his pillboxes must all be moved if his machine guns were to have any field of fire. The next day I found, for anti-tank ditches, abysses some sixty feet deep—enough to hold a battalion of tanks—but when I visited the town a month later the pillboxes still remained in their ineffective positions.

. . . and 'Escaping' Generals

This particular unit was not American-trained or -armed, but those that had been exposed to our training were no better. Early in 1946 I had a chance to watch the Nationalist Eighth Army, which held a Kuomintang oasis centered around Weihsien in Shantung. Its American liaison officers had left it in late 1945, and by February of 1946 it had completely reverted to what in the Nationalist forces constituted military tactics. Of the skills imparted by the Americans I could see that only the mechanical techniques of weapons operation had been retained. Artillery was dispersed and emplaced in sitting-duck positions for enemy small-arms fire. The basic infantry techniques of siting weapons in order to utilize the widest fields of fire, cover, and concealment had been forgotten.

The Eighth Army later fell an easy victim of elements of the Communist New Fourth Army, not because the Communists had basically better techniques or better weapons, but because the Nationalist leadership had permitted pre-battle disintegration of trained troops into a disorganized horde.

From what I read of it, the Kuomintang's most recent military performance did not change my views. Attacked by an inferior Communist force in April, 1950, Chiang's generals on Hainan Island fled after an almost token resistance. Behind them they left most of their troops and the arms with which they were equipped.

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'Know-How' vs. 'Know-Why'

Without humanity and moral imagination, material progress is capable of paving us a road to hell with good inventions

PETER VIERECK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article has been excerpted from a speech made by the author at Freedom House under the auspices of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom.*

THE TERMS "cultural freedom" and "social progress" partly imply a contrast. The contrast brings to mind a comment by Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, expressing his preference for prosperity over I.Q.:

Let me have men about me that are fat. . . .
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.

If we let the purely metaphoric "fat" of the extrovert symbolize the social progress of material prosperity, then it is the "lean and hungry look" of the introvert on which culture and cultural freedom ultimately depend. The gap between them can be said to be as great as that between haggard Don Quixote and roly-poly Sancho Panza, if you can picture them both trotting along side by side as two eternal types of mankind.

Man shares with his fellow animals the need for food. He differs from them by his possession of a creative imagination. Shall he use this unique imagination primarily to manufacture excellently useful gadgets? Or shall he use it to enrich the arts and deepen his moral and intellectual insights? Both, if possible. But if we are occasionally forced to choose, let us unfashionably and stubbornly choose the latter. Why? Because, in the words of Salvador de Madariaga, "If [cultural] liberty were

to die among men, no equality, no security, no prosperity would mean anything that a horse cannot get in well-kept stables."

'Playing by Ear'

If lack of social progress makes everybody starve to death, naturally there will be no cultural freedom possible, or anything else. Conservatives are often baited for supposedly urging fancy and highfalutin' "higher things of the spirit" on some poor "proletarian" when he craves a crust of bread. "Let them eat culture" is considered as sinful a conservative evasion as Marie Antoinette's "Let them eat cake." But the fact is that the need for social justice, as a prerequisite to "higher things," is no monopoly of leftist or Marxist thought or even of middle-of-the-road liberalism. Thomas Aquinas was a hierarchical medieval conservative. Yet he argued that if, through no fault of his own, a man steals bread because he is starving, he may be committing a crime against the law of man but not against natural law or the law of God.

However, once the basic social needs are satisfied, a point is reached at which everybody except the crassest utilitarian would sacrifice social progress and reform to cultural values. Even a British Socialist Government, for example, will spend some of its revenues to support the British Museum, though this means using that much less for free medical aid for the poor or for improving the coal mines. The first point of possible disagreement between the conservative and the zealot of social progress lies in determining at *precisely what point* the diminishing returns of social gains justify our subordinating them to aesthetic gains. This point can be determined only by "playing by ear," not by scientific statistics.

Today the material level of progress and prosperity can be achieved only by mass production and mechanization. Here an important question arises: whether, in its present form, this very same mechanization is murdering our cultural freedom, not by crudely ending civil liberties and free speech in any dictatorial sense, but by a stultifying and shallow prosperity of democratic philistinism that allows plenty of free speech but paralyzes an original and imaginative exercise of that freedom.

Here I am not baiting our own country merely for *having* material progress, a progress I am glad to exploit daily every time I use a telephone or a subway. We are all bored to death at

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hearing the pseudo-profound clichés favored in the 1920's by Europeans who told us, "Your material progress is so vulgar." Of course, our material progress is neither vulgar nor bad. It is, however, *different* from cultural values. My aim is not to condemn it as bad but to stress its differentness, whether good or bad.

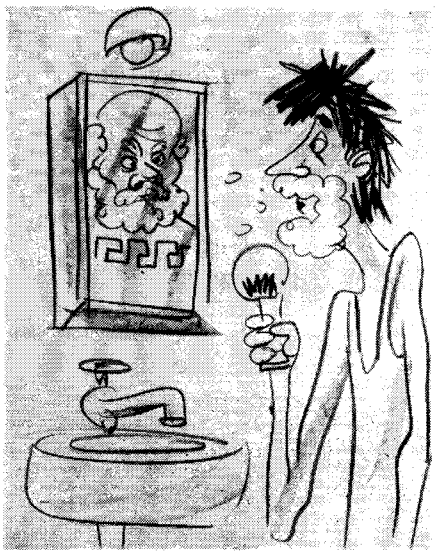
When Carl Sandburg sings of the "Hog Butcher for the World" and when Shelley sings of the "sensitive plant," the unbridgeable differentness between these two (equally admirable) poets speaks for itself. Today America is in the act of leaving its era of hog-butcher clichés and entering its era of sensitive-plant clichés. The extroverted professional boosters are being replaced by the introverted professional wincers.

Inward Conquests

America has had three great frontiers:

Our first frontier, a horizontal one, was the West. It was symbolized folkloristically by Daniel Boone, and was destroyed when the material limits of geography ended our continental expansion.

Our second frontier, a vertical one, might be called "the prosaic moon." Its symbol was Horatio Alger and its spirit the onward-and-upward of the stock market and the skyscrapers. The poet William Blake once pictured a man reaching out his arms for the moon and saying, "I want, I want." I call our version of this the prosaic moon to differentiate it from the romantic moon of the poets, although it is just as unreal. This vertical frontier is the big-business, big-boom dream of



George Babbitt's skyscrapers scraping real estate on the moon. This second frontier has also been destroyed, by Sinclair Lewis and by the events of October, 1929.

Our third frontier is the inner frontier, the exploration by our new Columbuses in the newly discovered continents behind the forehead. Its symbol is the "alienated" artist of whom we hear so much.

Today Americans have no more outer or geographic frontiers to conquer. This forces us, instead, to increasingly inward conquests. Historically there has been a clear connection between the end of the Daniel Boones, symbolizing social progress, and the beginning of the Hart Cranes, symbolizing cultural freedom.

Ode to Meat

This stress on the differentness between culture and social progress is not a plea for "art for art's sake." If you connect cultural freedom or artistic excellence with *moral* progress, then I agree, because both aesthetics and ethics are inner and spiritual, and perhaps inseparable. But I disagree if you connect culture with *social* progress, which is external and material.

The latter kind of connection is often argued by liberals and idealistic democratic socialists on the grounds that social progress releases tremendous mass energies, which allegedly can then be harnessed to cultural creativity as interchangeably as if electric power were being switched from one kind of machine to another. Such analogies about released energies miss the point. What culture requires is not only energies but sensibilities. Social progress requires external mass energies. Cultural creativity requires internal individual sensibilities.

The American worker eats more meat than the average European of any class. This is an example of admirable social progress. By themselves, without the internal frontier of sensibility, the energies released by such social progress would produce an exuberant but facile culture, exemplified by my favorite Edgar Guest poem. In honor of a national convention of American meat sellers, Edgar Guest wrote an ode glorifying the social progress that enables all Americans, and only Americans, to eat meat every day. Left-wingers may protest that Guest was merely being an apologist for bourgeois capitalism. Well, the cultural result will be no better or worse if, in some future happy democratic-socialist utopia, some future *Comrade* Guest similarly celebrates social progress in verse.

Ideal of the Amateur

Hypothetically, I can even imagine a society whose ideal is not social progress at all but an increasing poverty, with the poorhouse as the final and most sweetly desired goal, and with people cursing their life as wasted if they die rich instead of on a poorhouse bed. Such a society might lack social progress but would not innately or necessarily lack cultural freedom. St. Francis, whose ideal was poverty, had more cultural freedom than many of us.

The contrast can be put in still another way: the ideal of the amateur versus the ideal of the expert. Even in America and the West, where civil liberties remain unimpaired, cultural freedom is threatened by what Nietzsche and Ortega y Gasset call the "mass man," the stereotyped man of mechanized mediocrity. If a society has material and political freedom, as ours does, but culturally lusts after tabloid newspapers and commits television —if a society has political freedom and talks civil liberties with the tongues of men and angels but lacks inner cultural freedom, then its freedom becomes merely a sounding brassiness and a tinkling symbolism.

In such a society, what is the best strategy for preserving or regaining your inner freedom? Start out, first of

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all, by being an amateur—never a professional—at everything. This is true whether you are a poet, scholar, or political leader, whether you are an artist of life or of love or of cooking, or even a billiard player. Thus Mark Twain once remarked that to play billiards moderately well is the sign of a gentleman, but to play *too* well is merely the sign of a misspent youth. In an age of boorish, narrow specialists and of efficient experts who do everything too well in unimaginative, slavish stereotypes, in such an age only the amateur leads a free, vital, non-"misspent" life.

The free individual is an amateur in both senses of this word: "Amateur" means "he who does things for love, not utility"; and "amateur" means the non-technician, the man who is not yet deprived of creative imagination by glib, well-adjusted stereotypes.

Clemenceau must have sensed this truth when he remarked, "War is too important a matter to be left to generals." One may add that economics is too important to leave to economists; atom bombs are too important to leave to scientists; poetry is too important to leave to English departments; and freedom is too important to leave to political theorists.

Unscientific Burglars

In the end, democracy's advantage over Stalinist or fascist totalitarianism lies in the greater resourcefulness and more creative imagination of the free individual. This advantage overcomes the head start that a disciplined collectivist society has in any war. Only by amateurishly *not* knowing how to write or by not knowing how to paint or philosophize or politicize or how to fight a war of professional strategy, only thus will you gain the insights needed for all great achievement.

Most revealing is the remark made by the baffled police after the Brink's robbery in Boston in January, 1950. Over a million dollars, mostly in cash, was stolen without trace in this greatest robbery in history. The police rightly pointed out that they had been prepared to cope with all the latest, most scientific methods used by "professional" criminals. One policeman is said to have exclaimed in exasperation: "It's not our fault; why, these *unfair,* unscientific burglars were rank amateurs!" Even safecracking, it appears, is too important a matter to be left to the professionals.

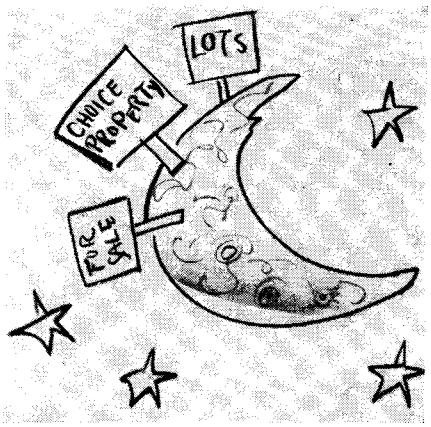
The example of safecracking cries out to be taken as a metaphor. The safe that conceals elusive truth and fugitive beauty from mortal looters of Olympus will never be cracked by routine "common-sense" diligence. To this the lives of a Pythagoras, a Copernicus, a Rimbaud, or a Kafka can testify.

'Know-how' and 'Know-why'

In regard to social progress vs. culture, our age can at last avoid the choice of "either or," and say "both." In regard to the amateur vs. the expert, our age not only can but must say "of course, both." Napoleon was trained at the most orthodox military academy before he could successfully deviate from the routine. An artist masters all the finger exercises and professional techniques before he has earned the right to transcend them as an amateur. Democracy needs both its trained professional soldiers and its amateur civilian officials, who oust them when military specialization conflicts with broader human aims. We need both our atom-bomb technicians *and* the amateurs (in this case, the moral leaders) who decide how to apply such powers, about whose moral consequences the "expert" may be indifferent.

Shall our powers—atomic, military, economic—be used for love or for frenzied destruction? Love—to revert to the literal origin of "amateur"—is the key word in our crisis: selfless love, compassionate Christian love, the unextinguishable humanity that inspires resistance to the terror camps of both Hitler and Stalin.

But love and humanity are not



enough by themselves. Love and humanity are not as resistant to radiation burns as ferroconcrete. The ivory tower is not bombproof. So long as the Hitlers and Stalins run loose in this vale of tears, our capacity for love and humanity must be served and shielded by the progress of the experts and technicians: our scientists, our armies, our economic production. On the other hand, our progress in science and technics is not enough by itself either. Without the humanity and moral imagination of the idealistic amateur, material progress is capable of paving us a road to hell with good inventions.

The experts on noncultural social progress are stressing "know-how" these days. Know-how is that ugly but admittedly necessary word coined by something very deep, very inevitable in the American psyche. Significant of America's overdeveloped technique-mindedness is the fact that nobody thought of simultaneously coining the word "know-why." Yet does not this describe the goal and fire center of cultural freedom? Without this, civil liberties and democracy merely ask "free from what?" instead of "free *for* what?"

Arete

When the explorations of the inner frontier of our country have achieved a synthesis of know-how and know-why, without sacrificing either, then 150 million Americans will have achieved what a couple of hundred thousand Athenians and Florentines and two million Elizabethans achieved in the three great moments of the West —what a crotchety, unprogressive, hemlock-drinking old amateur summed up in a single Greek word: *arete.*

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Bradley on War

Humility in command, torment for his men's ordeals, and firm, fair dealings with allies characterize today's top U. S. military man

AL NEWMAN

A SOLDIER'S STORY. By Omar Nelson Bradley. *554 pages; 55 maps; photographs, appendix, glossary, index. Henry Holt and Company, $5.*

WITH the publication of this meticulous book, the literary returns, as far as the ground high-command picture in north Europe is concerned, may be regarded as in. We have had General Dwight D. Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe,* written from the inescapably Olympian viewpoint of a supreme Allied command. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein has contributed *Normandy to the Baltic,* a designedly bald and detailed account which delighted the military student but anesthetized the layman. We also have had General George S. Patton, Jr.'s, posthumous *War As I Knew It,* a bombastic work derived from the rather fragmentary notes Patton made chiefly while he was Third Army commander.

In *A Soldier's Story,* Bradley, through his very succession of combat commands—II Corps through northern Tunisia and in Sicily; First Army from D-Day to August 1, 1944; 12th Army Group from August 1 until final victory—has managed to avoid the sense of remoteness from the battlefield that Eisenhower could not escape. Possibly by being born and raised in plain-talking rural Missouri, Bradley has also sidestepped the pitfall of Montgomery and become a master at explaining military matters to even the densest layman (a talent he displayed to some advantage in making the novel concept of limited war clear to a number of Senators at the MacArthur hearings in May).

Finally, it must be said, the quality of bombast is, and always was, foreign to our present Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, who inspires confidence by being—not posing as—the least *traditionally* military of all our military men.

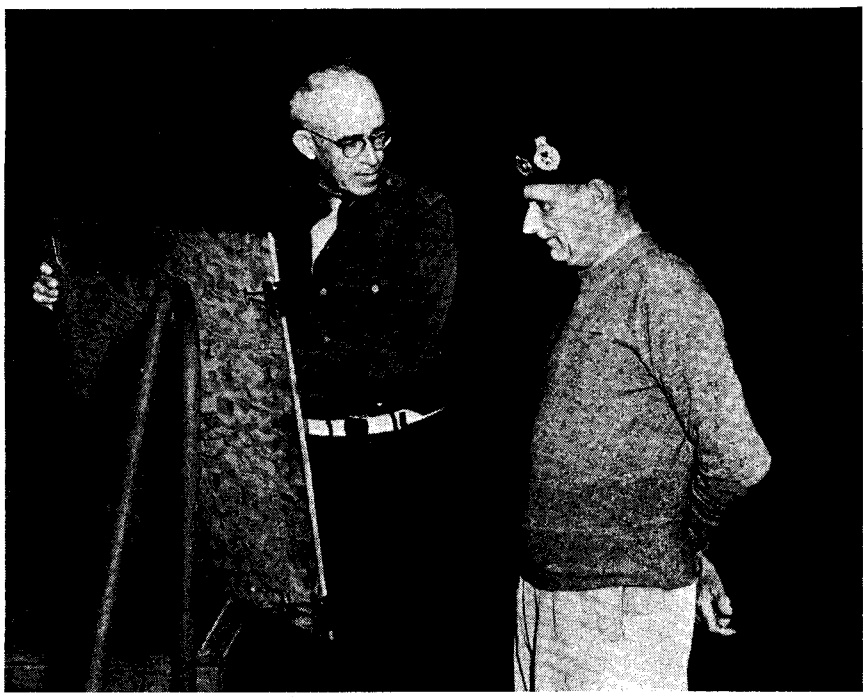
The Rifleman's General

Quite inadvertently, Bradley in *A Soldier's Story* reveals nearly as much of his own personality as he does of his campaigns. It becomes apparent even to those who did not see Bradley in the field that a high-ranking commander, rather than being a brassbound martinet, may be—and reasonably often is—an extraordinarily human, likable, and humble person.

At his command posts, the humility of Bradley was there for all to see. When his aide, Chester Hansen, obtained a command trailer for the then commanding officer of the U.S. First Army, it was far too good for the likes of him: "... so ornate that I often felt it necessary to apologize for the comfort it provided. . . . Indeed when Air Marshal [Sir Arthur] Tedder first entered . . . he strode to the railing . . . knelt on the bench . . . looked up, and said, 'I'll have communion, please.'"

Bradley's attitude toward war is equally revealing: "... a wretched debasement of all the thin pretensions of civilization. In the rear areas war may sometimes assume the mask of an adventure. On the front it seldom lapses far from what General Sherman declared it to be."

Here is Bradley on command: "Far from being a handicap to command, compassion is the measure of it. For unless one values the lives of his sol-



From *A Soldier's Story*

The G.I. Bradley and the sweatered, corduroyed Monty

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diers and is tormented by their ordeals, he is unfit to command . . . however arduous the task of a commander, he cannot face the man who shall live or die by his orders without sensing how much easier is his task than the one he has set them to perform."

Of the rifleman: "For him there are no 25 or 50 missions to be completed for a ticket home. Instead [he] trudges into battle knowing that statistics are stacked against his survival. He fights without promise of either reward or relief. Behind every river, there's another hill—and behind that hill, another river . . . only a wound can offer him the comfort of safety, shelter, and a bed."

Performance the Standard

Bradley's personal likes and dislikes, as revealed in *A Soldier's Story,* are almost altogether based on performance. It stands to his credit and to that of the organization he served that the former far outnumbered the latter. He makes no secret of the fact that as far as British commanders were concerned he vastly preferred Alexander to Montgomery: "Had Alexander commanded the 21st Army Group in Europe, we could probably have avoided the petulance that later was to becloud our relationships with Montgomery. . . ."

As to airmen, Bradley has considerable praise for Tedder and "Tooey" Spaatz, but he saves his greenest laurels for General Elwood R. ("Pete") Quesada, chief of the IX Tactical Air Command, which so ably supported First Army in Europe. His admiration for Quesada's onetime boss, Lewis H. Brereton, commander of the Ninth Air Force and later of the First Allied Airborne Army, was limited. On the failure of Brereton's planes to show up for a D-Day rehearsal at Slapton Sands, Bradley says: "Brereton had seemed strangely unconcerned. . . ." Later, he lays much of the blame for U.S. casualties from our own pre-Breakout bombing to the tactic of approaching vertical to, rather than parallel with, the front: "In a press conference two days later Brereton was to declare that COBRA [the Breakout operation] owed its slow start to the sluggish getaway of our troops on the ground. He neglected to add that the delay had been caused by the removal of those American dead and wounded [the Air Corps] had strewn in our way." On Brereton's promotion to the Allied Airborne Army, he remarks tartly that the organization ". . . showed an astonishing faculty for devising missions that were never needed. . . ."

Another on Bradley's limited-admiration list was the pompous General John C. H. ("Courthouse") Lee, head of the supply services in Europe. ". . . Com Z was implicated in the [supply] failure and Com Z meant General Lee. . . . Long before we liberated Paris, Eisenhower had declared he would ban the city to headquarters commands and reserve its hotels for the use of troops on furlough. Ike's ban apparently did not reach Lee, for on August 30 we heard that Com Z had abandoned its Nissen huts in Normandy for the comfortable boulevards of Paris. . . . When the infantry learned that Com Z's comforts had been multiplied by the charms of Paris, the injustice rankled all the deeper and festered there throughout the war."

On Patton

Bradley devotes a great deal of space to the many-faceted character of George Patton. As might be expected, the mild Missourian disapproved heartily of the swashbuckling tanker's methods of command: "I still could not accustom myself . . . to the vulgarity with which Patton skinned offenders for relatively minor infractions in discipline. Patton believed that profanity was the most convincing medium of communication with his troops. But while some chuckled delightedly over the famed expletives he employed with startling originality, the majority, it seemed to me, were more often shocked and offended. At times I felt that Patton, however successful he was as a corps commander, had not yet learned to command himself."

In Sicily, Bradley commanded II Corps under Patton's Seventh Army; in north Europe, from August 1, 1944, on, Patton led Third Army under Bradley's 12th Army Group. Eisenhower's choice of Patton as an army commander dismayed Bradley at first: ". . . not only did I question George's conduct of the Sicilian campaign, but I seriously doubted the wisdom of [Eisenhower's] forcing Patton to stomach this reversal of roles in command." However, Bradley seems to believe that the Patton of north Europe was totally different from the Patton of Sicily, a

From *A Soldier's Story*

Bradley's trailer: 'I'll have communion, please,' said Tedder

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reform that, to be frank, was imperceptible to many in the field. "To this day I am chagrined," writes Bradley, "to recall how hesitatingly I first responded to Patton's assignment. For when George joined my command in August, 1944, he came eagerly and as a friend without pique, rancor, or grievance. My year's association with him in Europe remains one of the brightest remembrances of my military career." May the reviewer add that possibly Patton was one of the many officers who looked better from above than from below?

The Brolo Affair

As to Bradley's questioning of "George's conduct of the Sicilian campaign," we have a startling divergence of opinion in an amphibious flanking movement by the reinforced 2nd battalion of the 3rd Division's 30th Regiment on the north coast at Brolo. ". . . Patton called me to his advanced C.P. and ordered another north-coast landing on August 11. . . . After checking with [Lucian K.] Truscott [the 3rd Division commander], however, I learned that [he] would be unable to crack [the German] position in time to effect a link-up with the seaborne forces on August 11. I asked Patton if we might not delay the maneuver until August 12. 'The amphibious attack means nothing,' I insisted, 'unless we tie in with Truscott's forces by land.'

"By this time George was anxious to get into Messina. He denied my request for a day's delay and insisted that the attack go as scheduled on August 11. Again I remonstrated but George held fast. When I left his command post that day with his final directive, I was more exasperated than I have ever been. . . .

"Initially the landing passed undetected . . . [but] within a few minutes flares lighted the sky and sleepy German units were roused for the counterattack. Nevertheless by dawn [the] infantry had worked their way into position near the crown of Monte Creole overlooking the tiled roofs of Brolo. Their self-propelled supporting artillery, however, were marooned between the beach and the road, where a network of drainage ditches blocked their passage. Seventh Army had failed to provide Truscott with air photos for the assault. By noon, hard pressed by enemy attack from both front and rear, the infantry on Monte Creole was dangerously low on ammunition. . . . Three hours later the marooned artillery on the beach was raked by enemy fire and trapped by tank attack. Now isolated on its hill, without supporting fire, the battalion clung to its position all that day and night, awaiting relief by the main body of Truscott's troops pushing toward them by land.

"Not until 6:00 A.M., August 12, did that relief force reach the battalion's survivors. Unable to afford the time required for an overland flanking attack, Truscott had pushed head-on against the enemy's frontal position. Despite these efforts of Truscott's to relieve it, the battalion had suffered heavy losses.

"This misadventure, however, did not inhibit Patton. . . ."

Al Newman

Collins's prize in the dash to the Rhine: the ruins of Cologne

The Patton Version

To Patton it was no "misadventure" at all. In his *War As I Knew It,* in a section entitled "Earning My Pay," wherein he listed his proudest achievements, Patton wrote:

". . . General [Geoffrey] Keyes, who was with the 3d Division telephoned me that General Bradley . . . and General Truscott . . . were both convinced that this . . . amphibious operation was too dangerous and therefore requested authority to postpone it. I told General Keyes to tell them it would not be postponed and that I would be there at once.

"I took General [Hobart] Gay with me, dropping him off at the beach where the amphibious troops were then taking off, with orders to see that they took off. I then went to the Headquarters of the 3d Division . . . and found General Truscott . . . convinced that the operation could not succeed. I directed him to carry it out, stating that if he succeeded he would get the full credit, and that if he failed, I would take the blame. I then called General Bradley on the telephone and told him the same thing. I stated to both of them that, having complete confidence in them, I was returning to my Headquarters, because if I stayed around I would fail to show confidence. . . . Shortly after reveille, Colonel Harkins, who was duty officer, called up to say that the attack had been a complete success. . . ."

It will be noted that Patton said nothing whatever about the subsequent cutting off and near-annihilation of the 3rd Division's "lost battalion." Was it "complete success" or "misadventure?" This reviewer, who came into Brolo the morning of August 12 behind the relieving force, can attest that a series of such "complete suc-

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cesses" would have left us without an Army. Our numerous dead, strewn in the ditches, on the road, and on the flats toward the beach, were bloating under the cruel Sicilian sun. Wreckage of Shermans and tank destroyers fouled the morning air with greasy smoke, and the brush above on Monte Creole still burned, while litter bearers struggled up and down through the ring of fire. In the Brolo mayor's office, on the coast road, Lucian Truscott sat at a desk and wept like a child.

The Egregious Montgomery

In writing of Montgomery, Bradley bends over backward to be fair. He offers no criticism of the Eighth Army's long halt at Catania during the Sicilian campaign, and makes it plain that Monty did not fail at Caen in Normandy but accomplished thoroughly his mission of attracting the overwhelming preponderance of the German armor to the eastern end of the beachhead while U.S. First Army broke out west of St.-Lô. During this time, when Montgomery functioned as senior ground commander, "he exercised his Allied authority with wisdom, forbearance, and restraint. . . . [He] granted us the latitude to operate as freely and as independently as we chose. . . . With the Allied world crying for blitzkrieg the first week after we landed, the British endured their passive role with patience. . . . [But] the intense rivalry that afterward strained relations between the British and American commands might be said to have sunk its psychological roots into that passive mission of the British on the beachhead."

Bradley's criticism of Montgomery's failure to redraw the army-group boundaries and permit Third Army to attempt to close the Falaise Gap is moderate indeed. But later on, after Eisenhower had assumed full control in France and Montgomery began selling SHAEF his single-thrust plan for the defeat of Germany and clamoring for the command of all ground forces, Bradley makes his hearty dislike of such tactics very plain.

Bradley, along with most other U.S. commanders, favored a broad-front advance on the Reich, and a closing to the Rhine along most of its length before crossings were attempted. Montgomery insisted on a "full-blooded thrust" (*Normandy to the Baltic*) across the watery plains of Holland in the north, a crossing of the Maas, Waal, and Rhine, and a swift advance toward Berlin, capping the northern face of the Ruhr as he went.

The airborne-carpet operation of Eindhoven - Nijmegen - Arnhem was SHAEF's modified implementation of Monty's recommendation. Bradley writes: "Just as soon as I learned of Monty's plan, I telephoned Ike and objected strenuously to it. . . . Believing the plan too ambitious a one for the forces at his disposal, I would have preferred that Monty devote his resources to the Scheldt and the opening of Antwerp. . . ." Of the ultimate failure, he writes: "There is a quality to adversity that summons the noblest in British valor and as a result valor so often obscures defeat that a heroic legend is remembered long after the defeat is forgotten. Arnhem followed in that British tradition. Monty had been turned back short of his goal but so valorous was the defeat that the strategic rebuff passed unnoticed."

The Lean Winter

Its consequences were extraordinarily far-reaching. It was on September 4 that the British 11th Armoured Division had captured Antwerp, second largest port of continental Europe, intact. Not until the last days of November, after a delayed, bitter campaign to dislodge the Germans from Antwerp's sea gateway, the mouth of the Scheldt, did the first ships reach the port. In the meantime, the Allied armies of the center and north operated on shoestrings as far as supplies were concerned. The Germans, granted time, dug in and defended their Siegfried Line, then planned and executed their great Ardennes offensive.

It was during the liquidation of the Bulge that Bradley's irritation with Montgomery reached its height. Menaced with possible failure of wire communications between Luxembourg, Bradley's command post, and the U.S. First and Ninth Army headquarters north of the Bulge, Eisenhower had placed the two American units under the foxy little Britisher on December 20. This worked out fairly well until Montgomery issued a statement on January 7 implying that the British—and most of all himself—had rescued the Americans from an awkward spot. London newspapers renewed their clamor for Monty's ground commandership. Bradley went to Eisenhower: " '. . . you must know,' I said, 'after what has happened I cannot serve under Montgomery. If he is to be put in command of all ground forces, you must send me home, for if Montgomery goes in over me, I will have lost the confidence of my command.' . . . Eisenhower stood firm. . . ."

The Defeat of SHAEF

Nevertheless, SHAEF's fixation with the swamps of the north as the highroad to victory persisted, and Montgomery remained supreme headquarters' chosen instrument of final triumph. By SHAEF directive he retained command of the U.S. Ninth Army and summoned up even more strength for a great Rhine crossing. But to Montgomery's south the U.S. First and Third Armies, having eliminated the Bulge, resumed the offensive toward the Rhine. Of this phase, Bradley writes: "If I were asked what campaign in the war brought me the greatest professional pride, I would point unhesitatingly to this one." Well might he be proud. General J. Lawton Collins's VII Corps of First Army swept down on Cologne like a thunderbolt, guarding Monty's right flank at the same time—a masterly maneuver. First and Third Armies not only encompassed the destruction of the German armies west of the Rhine, but the surprise of 9th Armored Division's slashing southeastward advance brought the added dividend of Remagen Bridge to General Courtney Hodges's First Army. Hodges phoned 12th Army Group. "There goes your ball game," Bradley remarked to Major General Harold R. Bull, SHAEF's dismayed operations chief, who saw his echelon's carefully laid plans flying out the window.

For the last time, the campaign had refused to go the way SHAEF ordered it to, and now the high command could not continue to support an all-out thrust in the north without being justly accused of squandering opportunity. From there on, the war went *Bradley's* way: the double envelopment of the Ruhr (a move he had planned to make, if permitted, many months earlier); the triumphal advance to cut Germany in two; and the meeting at Torgau on the Elbe, which brought the Russians for the first time—though not for the last—into Bradley's eventful life.

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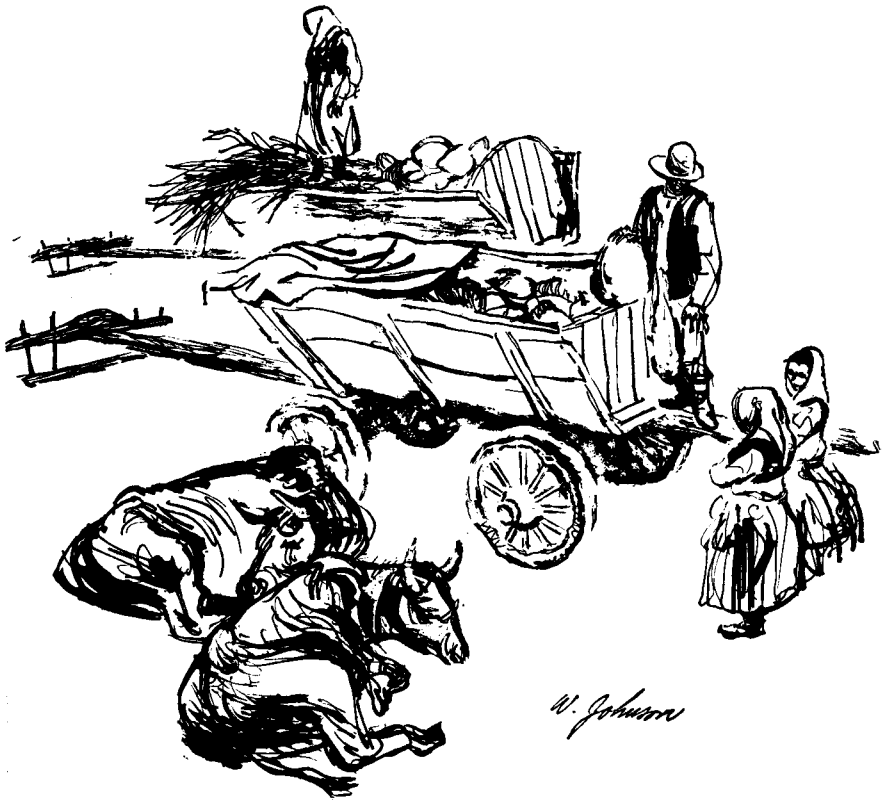
Yugoslavia—the Back Country



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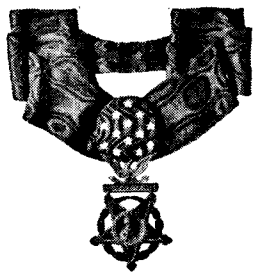
Medal of Honor



Master Sergeant Travis Watkins, of Gladewater, Texas—Medal of Honor. On September 3, 1950, near Yongsan, Korea, Sergeant Watkins was wounded and paralyzed from the waist down. Ordering his squad to pull out and leave him, he stayed behind and died covering their withdrawal.

Sergeant Watkins gave his life for freedom. What can you do?

This. You can begin today to do your share in defense of the country he defended far "above and beyond the call of duty" by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense* Bonds.

For your Defense Bonds strengthen America. And if you will make our country strong enough now, American boys may never have to give their lives again. Defense is *your* job, too.

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Don't forget that now *every United States Series E Bond you own* automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 years as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for $18.75 can return you not just $25 but as much as $33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

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